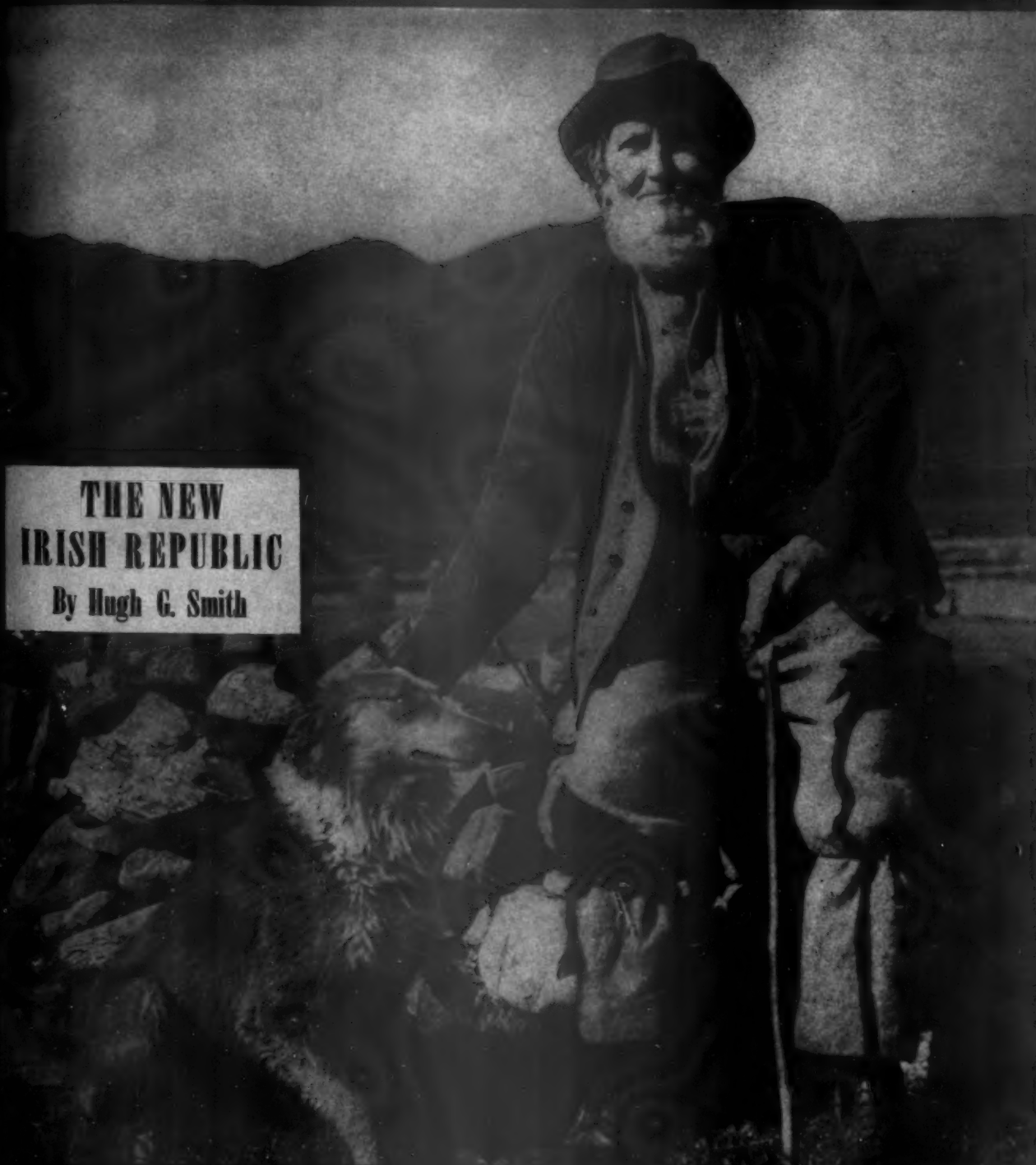


The Sign *National Catholic Magazine*

March 25th

**THE NEW
IRISH REPUBLIC**
By Hugh G. Smith



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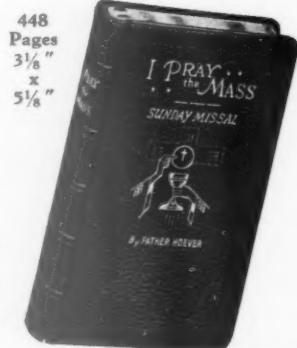
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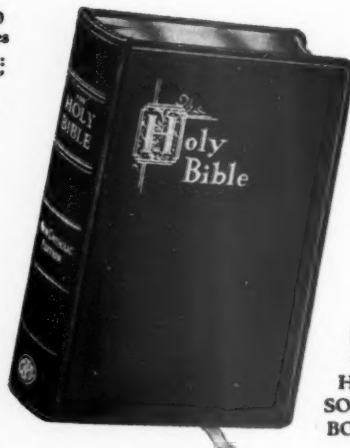
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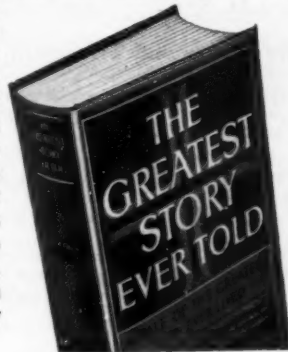
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LETTERS



The Bethlehem Story

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The January issue of THE SIGN presented the article entitled "The Bethlehem Story—1949" by Greta Palmer. Many of us did not know of Mother Benedict Dun until the publication of this article. The magnificent work in Bethlehem, Connecticut will, I am sure, be followed and aided by many as a result of reading the article.

Thank you for the story of a heroic, saintly woman striving to bring America what it really needs—prayer.

JOYCE M. PIERLEONE

Rochester, N. Y.

Fiction--Pro

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have read THE SIGN for a good many years. But that story of "Brother Patrick and the Bottle of Schnapps," by Vincent Hartnett, was the best I ever read. It was a real life story and full of humor. I read it four times. Good luck to THE SIGN. It is the top magazine.

W. MAUSS

Jersey City, N. J.

Fiction--Con

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Quite often your stories have been of the "gloomy" type. When one finishes, one wonders: "Now what did I read that for?" Times are trying, so you do turn to reading for relief and inspiration. Do give us more of Mr. Fitzgerald's type. Everybody enjoys a chuckle and gaiety throughout!

JOSEPHINE WEIS

Cambria Heights, L. I., N. Y.

Joe Doakes, Jr.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In your January "Current Fact and Comment" you have, perhaps unconsciously, rendered a service to the youth of the country, especially those privileged to read THE SIGN. Your Joe Doakes, Jr., finding strength developing in his back and not in his head, is enticed by the glamour of \$1.75 per hour, forty-hour week, double time, overtime, vacations with pay, etc. He chucks school early, gets himself married, and with a wife and three kids lands himself in one of the strongest labor unions.

The Government tells him we have just completed our most fabulous year, with sixty million employed at higher wages than ever before, and just because of that

[Continued on page 4]

NATION-WIDE ACCLAIM

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—EDWIN C. HILL,
Famous Radio Commentator

☆

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—SEVENTEEN MAGAZINE

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Second Prize—\$500.

Third Prize—\$250.

1. The contest is open to all Catholic writers. Authors are limited to three manuscripts.
2. Stories may deal with any theme so long as, in their general tenor and treatment, they do not impugn basic Catholic concepts. Religious themes may be employed but will not receive privileged consideration.
3. All manuscripts must be submitted to Contest Chairman, Catholic Press Association, Box 389, Davenport, Iowa.
4. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of March 31, 1949.
5. The awards committee reserves the right to publish prize-winners' stories in a magazine of their choice, without further compensation to the authors. No manuscript, therefore, may be sold for publication before announcement of the prize winners June 1, 1949, and the Catholic Press Association acquires full rights to the three prize-winning stories.
6. All manuscripts must be in the English language, typewritten, double-spaced, on sheets 8½ x 11 inches. The name and address of each entrant must appear in the upper left-hand corner of the first page of the manuscript.
7. No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied (not followed) by a self-addressed envelope of adequate size and with sufficient postage for its return. Manuscripts will be returned in June; queries about them will be ignored.
8. The Committee reserves the right to withhold its prizes if the quality of the submitted manuscripts is below sound literary standards.

LETTERS

[Continued from page 2]

we will need more than forty-one billion dollars to run the machine for the coming year. Now our Joe, Jr., with buttons on his hat instead of brains in his head, sticks in a union of 45,000 men with work for only 20,000 and draws down less than \$32 per week. What good is that \$1.75 per hour, double time, overtime, etc., if it isn't there? And Joe wants to go on the picket line to make it \$2.00 per hour. By the way, Joe's contribution to that forty-one billion dollars is just zero, he with his four dependents and only \$32 per week.

Now let us look at Joe's cousin Gus, who is somewhat younger but wants to be an architect or draughtsman. (His marks in drawing were always tops.) It may take him six or seven years more, but he is pointing at that goal. With his extra work and helping Mom, he puts in about seventy hours per week and doesn't want to get married until he gets that sheepskin. The boys down at the Hall think he is a sucker when he could be rated \$1.75 per hour, forty hours, double time, overtime, etc. Now Joe is scratching his head and thinking maybe longshore is not so hot and wishing he had paid some attention to school. If he knew a little more, perhaps he could take the exams for the cops or the firemen and get those nice sure monthly checks but with no double time or overtime.

MARTIN JUDGE, JR.

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The story of Joe Doakes, Jr. confirms your bias. Poor fellow, he worked only 935 hours in the whole year! Let's shed a few crocodile tears! Is there no unemployment insurance in the state of New Jersey? Were no other jobs available? Who are you writing for? Morons!

Like Mr. Donohoe, I am past sixty-seven—an orphan at fourteen and a half, cabin boy, bedroom steward, waiter, salesman, manufacturer. I know the ups and downs of life.

Three cheers for Joan McCormack of Brooklyn, N. Y. (Page two of THE SIGN, January issue.) *The Roosevelt Myth* should be praised by all lovers of the truth.

GEORGE MORRELL

Winnetka, Ill.

Australia

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read your article by Edwards Park with more than ordinary interest, because its tone was so different from one also written by Edwards Park which was published in the December issue of *Pacific Neighbours*.

Before I read THE SIGN, I had decided to stencil a section from Mr. Park's *Pacific Neighbours* article for distribution among Americans seeking information about opportunities in Australia.

E. G. BONNEY, DIRECTOR

Australian News & Information Bureau
New York, N. Y.

I Know a Union Man Who

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The article by Philip E. Dobson, S. J., in the February issue, seems to me to be an insult, in the face of all the crimes committed by unions. The brutal beatings of men who tried to work and the destruction of property by whole gangs of thugs abetted by thousands of union men is certainly a far cry from "I Know a Union Man Who." Rev. Dobson can't point out a single instance where heads of any large corporation in America have "ganged up" on labor. Look at the gang of thugs that swept into a Michigan city and beat and destroyed property. Does that sound like "I Know a Union Man Who"? If the bishops he quotes so glibly think so, then America is fast on its way to a revolution.

PAUL MATHEWS

Chicago, Ill.

Appreciation

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Just a line to say I really enjoyed the article on Maurice J. Tobin and the story of "Brother Patrick and the Bottle of Schnapps." Also, of course, the regulars, Jerry Cotter, Katherine Burton, etc. Read with interest the article on Mother Benedict Duss. After reading it, I was still curious as to how she performed the money-raising miracle. It sounded too easy, but I know it must not have been. Always read your editorials with profit, also the "Sign Post."

(MISS) MARGARET O'BRIEN

Watten, R. I.

"Single Bliss"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Miss Sanders' adoring mother took her adoring daughter to see too many movies where the hero adores the adoring heroine.

If Regina is over twenty-five, I'd be surprised. At eighteen, many of us don't give a second look at a baby and find newborn infants particularly ugly.

We are as "choosy" as Regina. We'd hate to leave our easy, comfortable homes to fend for ourselves. Pretty soon, we recognize much of this attitude as self-centeredness. We then broaden our interest in boys and are surprised to find they feel the same way. By and by, we meet one who has just about decided, as we have, that a little unselfishness may pay off in a great deal of happiness. First thing you know, we find infants very beautiful. Next thing you know, we wonder how we ever picked the man we did. Then, before long, we love even each other's faults.

Meantime, we've had opportunity to show our love for God in many ways, even though we weren't able to leave home for daily Mass or to attend Vespers or a novena. (We were privileged to teach a child his morning prayers that day or sing a hymn to the Guardian Angel that night.)

Regina wouldn't lose her mind, as she was told. She'd find the miracle of Divine Grace and the peace of God's mercy.

Please have her write another article in ten years. Then she can tell what her in-

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THE SIGN

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

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1949

EDITOR'S PAGE

An American Principle?

RELATIONS between church and state continue to constitute a thorny issue. The bigoted and uninformed are rallying under the banner of the "American principle of the separation of church and state" to launch an attack on Catholics.

The men who framed the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were nearly all deeply religious men. They came from various states in which different religious sects were predominant. They were well aware that each sect would seek to make its own Church the one established by the Federal Government, with the result that agreement would be impossible. The only practical policy was to place all churches on an equal basis before the law, and that is exactly what was done in the First Amendment:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

What did this Amendment do? From the words of the Amendment itself, from documents which throw light on its adoption and on the minds of those who framed it, it is clear that the First Amendment:

1) Prohibited an official religion for the United States; 2) Declared that the National Government must respect freedom in the exercise (or nonexercise) of religion; 3) Did not forbid the Federal Government to favor religion as long as it did not favor one form of religion over another.

There is nothing in this Amendment to justify the modern interpretation of the so-called American principle of the separation of church and state, which twists it into meaning that there can be no relationship or co-operation between them.

The proponents of this extreme secularist interpretation of the relations of church and state in this country propose themselves as the patriotic defenders of real "Americanism." As a matter of fact, their principles derive—not from the founding Fathers—but from the English Deists of the eighteenth century and the rabidly anti-clerical European Masons of the nineteenth century.

Some recent decisions of the Supreme Court have the same roots. The Court had the good sense to recognize that it could not derive its deci-

sions from the Constitution or the Bill of Rights, so it appealed to an evolving "constitutional principle." In plain language, the judges acted on their own personal opinions rather than on law and precedents; they functioned as legislators and not as judges.

Catholics in this country are foremost in their approval and defense of the real American Constitutional principles by which the church and state exist as distinct societies, each supreme in its own sphere, neither subject to the other but each co-operating with the other for the common good. Catholics have shown their approval—from the Carrolls of Maryland who fought for the adoption of the First Amendment down to Archbishop McNicholas, Chairman of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, who declared:

"No group in America is seeking union of church and state; and least of all are Catholics. We deny absolutely and without any qualification that the Catholic Bishops of the United States are seeking a union of church and state by any endeavors whatsoever, either proximate or remote. If tomorrow Catholics constituted a majority in our country, they would not seek a union of church and state."

NEEDLESS to say, none of this will satisfy the bigots—for bigotry feeds on malice and ignorance and shuns the light. But bigotry is by no means universal. We must be patient in explaining to all that our view is the truly American view, that the secularist advocates of the so-called American principle of separation of church and state are attempting to impose on America an alien philosophy, that what we need is not an evolving "constitutional principle" but a return to principles and ideals that inspired the Constitution and its Amendments.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Acme

French Minister of Agriculture, Pierre Pflimin, admires one of two hundred tractors that arrived through ECA. Unlike Stalin's five-year plans, Marshall Plan produces.



Acme

This little French girl waves good-bye to the "Thank-You Train" in Paris. If this spirit of Christian gratitude existed among all nations, wars would cease to be.

March, 1949

HE place was Zagreb. The year was 1946. And in the so-called People's Court a solitary figure clad in black sat with silent dignity on the defendant's bench. He was on trial for his life. And in those October days of 1946 the whole world watched that Zagreb courtroom. For this man was no mere man. He was not simply

Two Prelates Are Not the Church

an archbishop. He was a voice, and that voice was heard even though it came from behind the Iron Curtain. He was a voice proclaiming human rights and human freedoms in a land where human rights and human freedoms had been lost in the process of liberation. He was the last voice heard in Yugoslavia that dared oppose the new democracy of Tito. And in those October days the whole world watched Aloysius Stepinatz, Archbishop of Zagreb, head of the Roman Catholic Church in Yugoslavia, defender of freedom.

There was something breath-taking, something thrilling about this champion of the Faith as he was confronted by his Communist foe and calmly told the court: "Mr. President, I am not going to defend myself. . . . My conscience is clear and I am not going to say more about it." A feeling of pride pulsed in every free man's veins when this lonely priest refused to make a plea for mercy. Instead of begging clemency, he told the court: "You may bring sentence as you wish—my conscience is clear." And when the trial came to an end, even his enemies had to admire his courage. Unafraid, unbroken, scornful of the fate reserved for him, here was a man cut from the same cloth as the martyrs.

That was 1946. The strangulation of liberty in Eastern Europe has gone on. Only one or two voices are left to oppose the Communist conquerors. The strongest of these, Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, has at last been silenced. Soviet techniques are more subtle than Tito's when it comes to a "trial." In the case of Cardinal Mindszenty, the Hungarian puppets made sure that the world would be unable to applaud his court performance as it did Archbishop Stepinatz'. No, this would be another one of the Moscow purge trials—full-scale confessions, public contrition, and all. Instead of producing a hero, they would do their best to befuddle world opinion.

The Cardinal Prince Primate of Hungary was a man who went up and down his native land fearlessly preaching Christianity in defiance of the Communist political powers. He was a lone warrior who never flinched in his battle with Communism. Knowing he was to be arrested he wrote a pastoral letter. It turned out to be his last. It was read a few days before he was imprisoned. In it he said: "I have only contempt for threats wherewith the lay world is attempting to intimidate me. I laugh at the means wherewith it seeks to entice me. I beg of you therefore to continue your mission with unshakable courage."

That was the caliber of the man whom the Communists would make to seem only pathetic, as he "confessed" to partial guilt and a change of mind. But even here, the



Harris & Ewing

Military unification is needed now and not dissensions. Above, Air Force Sec. Symington speaks with Generals Bradley and Vandenberg on Air Force requirements.



Acme

Red propaganda is seeping through all Asia. We must counteract it now. U. S. Ambassador Loy Henderson (second from left) discusses problems with leaders in New Delhi.



Acme

A priest distributes clothing to war orphans in China. China has been defeated before but never conquered. Let us pray that she will resist Communism to the end.

Cardinal had foreseen what would be done to him in jail. In advance he repudiated any confession he might later be seeming to make. He reminded his followers that he, like so many other Communist victims, might be given the drug actedron, against which there is no defense, a drug which Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, says "breaks down inhibitions and destroys memory of recent events. With his inhibitions broken down, a person under the influence of the drug would answer anything his questioners wanted him to answer."

The Communists accomplished what the Nazis couldn't accomplish, even when they put Cardinal Mindszenty in a concentration camp. But that seems to be the genius of the Communists—they manage to be and do and have all the Nazis wanted to be and do and have. If the world really wants to face the facts, if it really wants to know the lesson these "trials" teach, the factual lesson is this: there is only one force Communism fears—the Roman Catholic Church. And the Roman Catholic Church, with its divine mission of teaching men how to live with one another on earth in order that they may live with one another forever in Heaven, is not destroyed even when Cardinal Primates are. That divine mission goes on, and not even atheistic Communism can stop it.

If anybody ever considers contemporary America important enough for a label of its own, he might tag it, "The place where heroes were mass-produced on typewriters." For, really, you don't have to do anything in America. All you need is to get publicity to the effect that you have done it.

Does New York Coret Reno's Goods?

Take care of the publicity angle, and you can become a noted dragon hunter while you sit in your shirt sleeves swatting mosquitoes at the beach.

An example of this substitution of publicity for fact can be seen in the current flurry of moral humbug about the divorce evil. There is a divorce problem in the United States which has the redolence of a disintegrating mackerel. America is a huge wife-swapping agency in which the individual transactions are called "divorces." It is like horse trading, except that horse trading was never so widespread and had much more dignity about it.

Divorce has a treasonable and squalid aspect which brings a collective blush to the cheek of the community that presides at it and blesses it. And public men realize that they can impress the community if they acquire the reputation for doing something about it. But, aside from faking, very few actually do anything except make the wife trading safer and more expedite. This goes not only for politicians who want to muster the votes of the great bloc of divorced citizenry, but also for many religious leaders who spend their time breathlessly chasing after public opinion.

Recently an assemblyman in the Nevada legislature proposed some restriction on the notoriously lax export divorce trade which keeps so many Nevadans in groceries. But how did he propose to restrict it? By refusing divorces? No sir. Rather, by requiring that the judge request the petitioners to patch up their differences, and insisting that the petitioners read a lecture on the seriousness of resorting to divorce. The lecture would warn them solemnly: "A divorce does not erase the effects of marriage. If you do not believe that, just try to unscramble an egg." With that bit of mummery tossed as an edifying sop to the great American public, the State of Nevada would proceed briskly to the job of dismantling the marital omelet. Likely, Nevada would grant no fewer divorces. But it would look much more respectable.

Since early December, New York State has been investigating a highly fragrant divorce racket of its own. Adultery being the only justification for divorce recognized by New York law, sham adulteries are staged to fit the legal require-

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ments. They are contracted for through a kind of theatrico-legal agency which caters all the talent necessary—cast, direction, properties, and legal representation. A rendezvous is staged between the defendant and an agency girl. The legal director waves onto the scene a few private "dicks" who serve as witnesses to the romantic apostasy. When the case is called, the wife, with these professional spectators, makes her appearance in court and, in perhaps ten minutes flat, has her divorce on grounds of adultery. Incidentally (a nice practical touch), the pseudo-adultery is usually run off fairly early in the evening—presumably because honest people should not be kept up too late.

Even a public as gastronomically rugged as New York's gets somewhat upset in the stomach by this stuff. So a lot of sanctimonious watchdogs start howling that something should be done about it. Of course, it should. But what? What do they suggest? That divorces be refused? Indeed not. Rather, that divorce be made easier. If it is made easier, perjury will not be necessary.

You will see at a glance that this prescription has fascinating applications even outside the ambit of the divorce problem. Many an enterprising citizen could be saved from the electric chair simply by making it perfectly lawful to shoot rich uncles or poison nagging wives. Lucky Luciano could have been made an honorable man merely by removing the legal bias against white slavery. And we note with alarm that the only thing that apparently stood between Hitler and a reputation for philanthropy was the fact that the world stubbornly refused to declare an open season on Jews.

There is only one cure for the divorce evil; and it is no secret from anybody. But it is a remedy which government will not apply, because government is not honest enough to apply it. The remedy is: Withhold the legal privilege of remarrying.

That will not be done. Instead, the State of New York will eventually liberalize the divorce law—meaning by "liberalize" that New York will make it legally possible for a wife to break up her home and marry the iceman, for no better reason than that he looks more like her favorite movie actor than her husband does. Her plea will have a fancy name like "incompatibility."

And when the state has done that, it will adjust its halo, fold its hands, and smirk demurely like a moral hero. And it will get away with it. Another conquest for mere publicity.

It would seem that the Department of State is in no hurry at all to define what American policy is toward China. In spite of the considerable contribution our Government has made toward the debacle of the Nationalist Government in China, in spite of the threat to our Pacific security resulting from the Communist victories,

The Passionists Still in China

still we have only official silence in Washington. It may well be that official minds are in a quandary, can't arrive at a decision. Unfortunately, American nationals living in China have no such leisure when it comes to making a decision.

"We are passing through another time of stress. The future is obscure. I am not too worried, since we have been through these crises so many times in the past. I recommend the safety of the whole missionary personnel to your prayers and to the prayers of all your correspondents." So writes the Most Reverend Cuthbert M. O'Gara, C.P., Bishop of Yuanling, Hunan, China.

The Diocese of Yuanling, in northwestern Hunan Province, is several hundred miles from the present center of Communist-Chinese Government warfare. Bishop O'Gara has elected to remain at his mission post. His missionaries, priests and sisters, have voluntarily made the same decision.

It is a carefully weighed, calculated risk. Should the Communists sweep south of the Yangtze River, organized



It depends on which French paper you read. Left, the Communist sketches of our former and present Secretaries of State. Right, the non-Communist drawings.



Religious News Service
Vacy Sidzikauskas and Msgr. Krupavicius arrive from Lithuania. Over 50 per cent of the clergy have been killed or deported. More blood on Stalin's hands and nothing said.



Acme

Three charming additions to the Canadian census. DP's are making great contributions to the growth of Canada. It might well be we are the losers. Our quota is too low.



Acme

Left, Attorney Crockett with one of the defendants, Carl Winter, at Communist hearings in New York. These Red agents have forfeited any right to live under our flag.



Religious News Service

Rev. Emil Nagy, Jr., Father Benedict Biro, and Rabbi Bela Fabian denounce the arrest of Cardinal Mindszenty. Regardless of creed, all Americans join in protest.

Christian mission work, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, will be greatly hampered. The Passionists in Hunan are holding on grimly, praying the Communist tide will be stopped.

In all the wrangling that has been going on over a new labor-management law, there is a serious danger of quite overlooking just what the law is supposed to accomplish. So long as an out-and-out Taft-Hartley team is in one corner and the Wagner boys are in the other, there can be scant prospect of a sound labor law.

The New Labor Legislation

Of the two approaches to a solution for the industrial problems of our day, there is little doubt that the philosophy of the Wagner Act was more realistic. That philosophy was based on the idea that getting men together to bargain collectively was more important than spelling out individual rights of labor or management. Once the realm of legal right is ventured into, voluntary understandings give way to legal coercion. As *Business Week* pointed out: "In a free society the vital interests of an established group cannot be permanently undermined—not unless that society is to lose its freedom. For the Taft-Hartley Act did fail—on one of the most important grounds by which a law must be judged in a democratic society. That ground is consent."

The end of labor legislation is industrial harmony. The only basis for this harmony is collective bargaining. Whatever strengthens this basis is important. Therefore there must be safeguards in the new law against unfair practices that obstruct collective bargaining. There must be adequate mediation facilities that will in a positive way strengthen free collective bargaining. If legislators can accomplish this, then they will have accomplished much.

LAETARE SUNDAY has been assigned for the annual Bishops' Relief Fund collection. Proceeds from this collection go to easing the condition of deprived and displaced victims of the recent war. Last year the Relief Fund appeal realized less than \$6,000,000—an average of less than twenty-five cents from each Catholic in the United States. No doubt, the bishops were grateful for this much co-operation.

Laetare Sunday And A Happier World

But such co-operation represents very little in comparison with the real potential of Catholic resource. This can be seen by using Jewish Relief effort as a measuring stick. The Jewish population of the United States—little more than five million—was assessed \$395,367,000 for Jewish Relief in 1948. That represents a per capita contribution of about seventy-five dollars. You will notice that that is about 30,000 per cent higher than the average contribution of the American Catholic to an equivalent project.

While it is true that Catholics carry a tremendous burden of church and school maintenance not assumed by the average Jew, and while the average American Catholic is probably much less wealthy than the average American Jew, the Catholic could appropriately be much more generous.

The relief effort is by no means an attempt to bring these poor afflicted ones up to our standard of living. It is only an attempt to help them to be less cold, less hungry, less sick. None of the relief materials are in the line of luxury items. They are such things as canned and dried milk, wheat, plain practical clothing, rugged shoes, medicines.

Few American Catholics would be overcautious in their response to this appeal if they understood the depth of the need and the prompt, effective human comfort which they can bring to the unfortunate.

American Catholics would never be stingy; but they could be thoughtless.

This is just a reminder . . . Laetare Sunday.

A NEW TRUMAN?



The President greets home-town folks after the victory

Post-election Truman looks "new" to many journalists,
but he is still the humble, earnest, and courageous
American who assumed the presidency four years ago

by **JOHN C. O'BRIEN**

SINCE the election on November 2, 1948, a great deal of journalistic effort has been expended in an attempt to convince the country that there is a "new" Harry Truman. Washington observers who had found Mr. Truman sadly lacking in the qualifications for the highest office in the land suddenly began to discover after "the miracle of November 2" traits of character that were not discernible to them in the almost four years that he had administered the affairs of the nation, not in his own right but as the constitutional successor to the late Franklin D. Roosevelt. He was portrayed as more self-assured, more courageous, more sincerely dedicated to the principles of the Roosevelt New Deal than anyone had supposed he was before the big November upset. Dyed-in-the-wool New Dealers began to concede that perhaps, after all, the President was, if not an innovator, a faithful disciple of the New Deal master.

Among those who had been most intimately associated with the President—his immediate official family and the newspaper correspondents who had covered the White House and observed him on his travels around the country—these postelection appraisals, reading somewhat like a manufacturer's announcement of the 1949 model of an automobile replete with new accessories, caused no end of bewilderment.

To those who knew him best, the postelection Harry Truman was the same Harry Truman who shouldered the burdens and responsibilities of the presidency in the spring of 1945 after the death of Mr. Roosevelt. Even his happiness over the outcome of the election went almost unnoticed because Harry Truman always has been by nature a happy man.

What had happened since the election in the eyes of a great many Washington commentators was a distortion of vision which has marked judgments

of presidents since the beginning of the Republic. An intimate friend of presidents from Benjamin Harrison down to Franklin D. Roosevelt, the late Ike Hoover, chief White House usher, shrewdly observed toward the end of his lifetime that the trouble was that people looked at presidents with one end or the other of a field glass. They either magnified them or shrank them.

This remark aptly describes the pre-election and the postelection appraisals of Harry Truman. The truth is that he never was as ill-qualified for the high office which fate thrust into his keeping as his detractors said he was during his first term of office, and he is not now the superman which some commentators have discovered since he achieved his unexpected victory last November. He is still the humble, modest, earnest, and courageous American who assumed the most tremendous political responsibility any head of a state has ever had to shoulder with the heartfelt exhortation, "Pray for me."

A basic trait in Harry Truman's character is integrity. More, perhaps, than his unfeigned friendliness, it was his dependability that won him the

TO A YOUNG MAN STUDYING GREEK

by RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON

*Menander and the willow-shoots—
Homer and the reeds—*

*There where you go now,
there where now newly your young eye
explores the wonder of ancient pages,
there as it were an whole country, in the heart,
wonders will unfold:*

*there, the reeds—
there still for stringing the ancient
instrument—
there on the page
the mystery to be made plain—
there on the page
the names newly to blazon—*

*Basil, the wind in his cloak-folds,
upon the hill's height,
descending in haste, too full of the wonders
of the city unseen for delay,
his heart so full of Love's wonders
it is as though spilled on your page;
Chrysostom, the very phrase
which on his tongue
glowed wonderfully—
letters "Gregory to Basil,"
the words as though a plain lamp
from which were lit light of all fire
first, even of the hearth
Gregory wrote by,
and that light Love—*

*Horace, his lips to the willow-shoots;
Homer and the reeds—
but Basil, as though his face
would point ways to mariners and pilgrims
among the stars, plainer than charts,
and his eyes as though by night
among the sky's light
Love's light, the lesser constellations' flame—*

confidence of the voters of the United States. Many Americans who felt that he did not "measure up" came to believe as he waged his valiant one-man campaign that he was a man who could be trusted to stick to his guns. He may have made mistakes, but he had never offered excuses. He had never done a petty thing.

A well-known journalist remarked to this writer, as we were traveling around the country with Governor Thomas E. Dewey, the Republican candidate for President, that, if by "some miracle" Harry Truman should be elected, there would be the greatest "head-rolling" the Capital had ever seen. This newspaperman assumed that Mr. Truman would wreak vengeance on every member of his party who had opposed his nomination and either worked actively against his election or sat out the campaign. Never having detected a vengeful streak in the President's make-up, this writer challenged the prediction.

As everyone now knows, the President has been magnanimous in victory. A few days after the election, this writer had occasion to remark to Mr. Truman, that in victory he had been very gallant to those members of his party who had let him down. He replied that it was harder to be a good winner than a good loser. A loser, he said, is powerless to take it out on anyone. But a winner was constantly being importuned by his friends to get even with his enemies. That, the President said, was something he would not do. His sole aim would be, as it always had been, to do the best he could to discharge his obligations to the nation and to the freedom-loving peoples who looked to this country for leadership in establishing peace in the world.

An attempt was made in some reports of the inauguration ceremonies to make it appear that the President had deliberately snubbed two Southern

governors who had supported the Dixiecrat ticket during the election. The President's attention was diverted as these particular governors passed the reviewing stand, but later in the day he greeted them cordially as they filed by a receiving line at an official reception. His immediate associates report that almost his first remark to them the day after the election was, "Remember, now, we are not mad at anybody."

WHAT a good many observers, including many self-styled New Dealers who opposed Mr. Truman's nomination, were late in realizing is the sincerity of the President's desire to be, if not a great, a good president. Possibly because his political godfather in the early days of his career was the late Tom Pendergast, leader of the notorious Pendergast machine in Kansas City, the New Dealers mistrusted Mr. Truman's espousal of the Roosevelt policies. They did not believe him when he endorsed the Wagner Act, public housing, health insurance, federal aid for education, and civil liberties for minorities, particularly the Negro—the entire Roosevelt program. Harry Truman might speak with the voice of Franklin Roosevelt, but the New Dealers thought he would deal with the hand of a machine politician.

When he sent to Congress a special message asking for full civil rights for the Negro—a bolder move to break down racial prejudice than his predecessor ever had taken—doubtful Thomases in the left wing of his own party questioned his sincerity. This, they told themselves, was just a pre-election bid for the Negro vote and left-wing support in the big cities. It was just a gesture to counteract the Third Party campaign of Henry A. Wallace, and nothing more would be heard of it.

But the skeptics failed to reckon with Harry Truman's stubborn devotion to his convictions. Much was written during the lifetime of President Roosevelt about his "Dutch stubbornness," but this could not compare with the Missouri-mule-like inflexibility of the little man from Independence. Instead of accepting the inaction of Congress on his proposals, Mr. Truman persisted in his demands, splitting his own party wide open and endangering his nomination. Some of his political advisers urged him to compromise, but he stood fast. Even as he walked onto the platform at the Democratic national convention at two o'clock in the morning, after one Southern delegation and part of another had walked out in protest

against the adoption of the Truman civil rights platform plank, he struck boldly again for an end to discrimination against the Negro at the polls and in the labor market. And all during his amazing campaign he railed at the "second worst Congress in history" for rejecting almost everything he advocated, including the civil rights legislation.

Those who now profess to see a statesman in the White House where before November 2 they saw a politician giving only lip-service to progressive principles overlook the thread of consistency which runs through the Truman legislative program from the day he sent his first message to Congress. Aside from two new proposals, there was nothing in Mr. Truman's 1949 message on the state of the union that he had not been advocating during the last three and one-half years. The innovations were a specific request for the imposition of taxes to raise an additional four billion dollars in revenue and a broadening of the European Recovery Program to put American technical skill and know-how at the disposal of backward peoples all over the world.

To this sweeping Truman New Deal, the President's new admirers have lifted up a chorus of fervent "amens." The converted commentators have warmly commended the President for his "courageous" coming to grips with the pressing problems of the nation and the world. What they seem to forget is that it took more courage, with an election in the offing, to veto the Republican tax reduction than it did to ask for several billions of new taxes after he had been returned to office. It took more courage to propose the daring European Recovery Program when it was an untried experiment than it does now to recommend an extension of it after it has proved to be an effective weapon in the "cold war" with Moscow Communism.

It was said when Mr. Truman picked up the reins of government in 1945 that in his heart he did not approve of the Roosevelt policies. They were offensive to his own conservative temperament, but he felt obliged to give them lukewarm support because he had been elected on the same ticket with the President. He did not have a mandate of his own, so he did not feel free to write his own legislative ticket. There is no evidence to support this view. Mr. Truman did oppose Mr. Roosevelt's court-packing bill, but otherwise, while he was a United States Senator, he was one of the most faithful supporters of the Roosevelt program.

As President, moreover, he has never wavered in his advocacy of the principal New Deal proposals. Those closest to him say that this advocacy has always been based on conviction that these policies should be enacted into law. From the beginning he has believed unreservedly in all the measures he asked for in his most recent message to Congress—free medical care, more pay for the jobless, bigger social security pensions, better housing at low rentals, more electric power for the farmer, stable prices for farm products, better schooling for the nation's youth, and a continuance of rent control in congested areas. All these recommendations can be found in every message Mr. Truman has sent to the Congress in the last four years.

Mistrust of Mr. Truman among the New Deal palace guard first began as, one by one, they were eased out of positions close to the throne. These janissaries could not believe that the new President could be trusted to keep the gospel pure and undefiled without their solicitous guidance. Yet the fact remains that, surrounded by his own cronies and advisers, many of whom

he just doesn't measure up." Even the leaders of organized labor turned away from the man who had vetoed the de-tested Taft-Hartley Act and began beating the bushes for a "candidate who could win."

A man with less faith in himself than Harry Truman would have given up. But Harry Truman believed in his heart that he had done his best. He believed, too, that if he could win the nomination he would be able to convince the people that the failures of his first term were not his failures but the failures of the Congress which the country in a fit of resentment had inflicted on him. So he began the gallant fight against seemingly insurmountable obstacles which landed him, first, the grudging nomination of his party in national convention and later, in November, the mandate of the American people to carry on.

The most difficult decision earnest Harry Truman ever had to make was the decision to drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. He debated the matter prayerfully and finally decided, much as he hated to let loose such a devastating weapon, that he owed it to American mothers and fathers to save the lives of countless sons by shortening the war in the Pacific. Whether right or not objectively, he used his best judgment, although he often tells visitors he wishes he had not been compelled to make the decision.



He announces his plan to improve the lot of all mankind

were far to the right of the New Deal, Harry Truman charted a course as true to the New Deal promised land as that followed by his predecessor. He floundered, of course, on the reef thrown up in 1946 by the American voters disgruntled over OPA and the food shortages—the Republican Congress. At once the professional New Dealers deserted the ship, blaming the wreck upon the skipper. It was then the cry went up, "Truman won't do;

THE awfulness of that decision left a deep impress on the President's mind and quickened his desire to see peace re-established in the world. The President's intimates report that the quest for peace has come to absorb more and more of his time and attention. Visitors find that sooner or later the President's conversation turns to his aspiration to put an end to the "cold war." It was while studying the huge globe which stands near the fireplace in his office that the thought came to him that the greatest obstacle to peace and to the advance of democracy was the misery and poverty of the vast backward areas of the Far East and other parts of the world. This suggested to him the only new proposal he made to the present Congress, to put American skill to work to improve the lot of all mankind.

The daring scope of the program has moved many of Mr. Truman's critics to scoff. But when objections are raised, the President refuses to listen. When he was barnstorming all over the country, so many people told him he was waging a hopeless battle. He just doesn't believe the faint-hearted any more.



"Whom are you trying to fool?"
whispered St. Jude, a patron of mine

I LIKE MARRIED LIFE

Someone may say, "Oh, you do, do you?"—Well, there are good reasons.

Besides, those who like single bliss had their say last month

by **LUCILE HASLEY**

CONSIDER, please, my current dilemma of the month.

If I refuse to write this article on married happiness (complete with ready-made title), the editors will think: "Oh! So the Hasley marriage has gone *psst*, eh?" If, against my finer instincts, I *do* write it, I am asking for my purgatory here on earth at the hands of my friends. I am quite certain that my friends have never before thought of me in the role of Dorothy Dix, and they may not take to the idea with the proper reverence.

Of course, if this article were merely a matter of giving a brief testimonial like a paid soap ad ("For whiter, longer lastin' suds," says Mrs. Hasley, local housewife, "the married life just can't be beat"), it wouldn't be so bad. But no. I'm supposed to give the customers the *real* low-down on what I think of my married life.

And who will read it? Egads! My husband, my mother-in-law, my neighbors, my parish priest . . .

Greater folly hath no woman than to lay down her marriage for friend and foe to inspect. Does my husband beat me in his spare moments; fly into a rage over a missing pajama button; leave his soggy towels on the bathroom floor? Do I dash to the breakfast table with my face swimming in cold cream, my hair in pin curls, and wrapped in a frowzy Mother Hubbard? Do we both snarl at each other, as the coffee per-

colates, as to who gets to use the Plymouth that day? Does he object to my so-called literary career? If not, why not? And how (cluck of the tongue!) can I possibly find time to write and still do justice to my state of life? (P.S. State of life: Notre Dame faculty wife with one husband, three children, an eight-room house, and no scrub lady.) As to romance, am I *really* glad I got married or am I just keeping a stiff upper lip? And, if happy, would I not possibly have been *more* happy with that cute Harold Snodgrass I went steady with during my junior year in college?

Well, all this sort of eyewash might well be grist for the mills of Ilka (*In Bed We Cry*) Chase, but I figured it would be far safer just to play around with a blow torch and a goodly sized keg of nitroglycerine. In fact, the more I thought about it the more I began to question even the validity of the title for this proposed eulogy.

"And who said I liked married life, pray?" I asked coldly. Naturally, since the editor wasn't within slugging distance, I took it out on my husband. "Marriage is a sacrament, sure, but so are Penance and Extreme Unction. Does that mean you're supposed to *enjoy* them? Marriage, in real life, is a necessary evil . . . to protect one's young, to stabilize society, to lessen concupiscence . . . and let's say no more about it."

I'd had a rough day. My dress that the baby had spilled Cocomalt on had come back from the cleaners with the Cocomalt undisturbed. The water softener had gone on the blink just as I'd started to shampoo my hair. The butcher had sent me a pot roast with a price on its head that would have paid for a new davenport. Several of my best blouses that I had thoughtfully sprinkled and then forgotten to iron were now covered with a light green algae. My husband had gone off that morning on the bus, graciously leaving the car for me to use but absent-mindedly taking the car keys along with him. Danny had hit the new little neighbor boy over the head with his shovel, and the new little neighbor boy's mother had made it very clear to me that the only reason she was staying in such a neighborhood, with its Dead End kids, was because of the housing shortage.

Boiled down, it was one of those days that Father Dowling had warned us about at the Cana Conference—one of those days when the little woman is certain she missed her calling to be a nun, when monastery walls look mighty inviting.

"How do I know if marriage is my forte?" I continued, piling it on thick, not letting go, contrary to all Cana Conference rules and regulations. "I mean, I never got a chance to try being a cloistered Carmelite or a grand opera

singer or a Powers' girl model or a Pulitzer Prize winner." (Even as I talked, the grass on the other side of the fence kept getting greener and greener and greener.) "Maybe I would be better adjusted living alone in a penthouse overlooking the Hudson, with nothing to come between me and my typewriter. Besides, Aunt Gertrude thinks I've got loads of talent. Maybe I could have written the great American novel by now. Who knows?"

"Who knows?" echoed my husband wistfully. Understand, he wasn't feeling wistful about that unwritten novel. No, that was all to the good. It was just that, being a calm and contemplative soul by nature, the quiet penthouse idea seemed to have snagged his fancy—not for me but for himself. Anyone with three children who act as if pure jungle blood flowed in their veins, will know what I mean.

Unfortunately, we were discussing all this during what Mr. Longfellow so charmingly called "The Children's Hour"—that delightful lull in the day, betwixt the dusk and the daylight, when grave Alice and laughing Allegra and Edith with the golden hair all nestled around Mr. Longfellow's knee and prettily begged for stories. Mrs. Longfellow, I presume, had served supper at four o'clock (or else Alice and Allegra and Edith would have been yapping for food, not stories) and was now washing the dishes.

BE that as it may, all I can say is the children's hour at our house would have made Mr. Longfellow's beard curl. I had just captured and led Janet to the piano, and so we were having a petulant and furious version of "Down in the Valley." Danny was dumping over the dining room chairs to form a train. Susan, like a tobacco auctioneer, was loudly reciting her catechism: "Are the three Divine Persons really distinct from one another? Yes, the three Divine Persons are really distinct from one another. Are the three Divine Persons perfectly equal to one another? Yes, the three Divine Persons are perfectly equal to one another. Are the three . . ."

Over the din, I shouted to my husband: "Can you give me any hints as to what I might write? Can you think of anything, offhand, in favor of all this?" To me, at that moment, it was a mystery that ranked right in there with cosmic rays and Russia's foreign policy.

"No," my husband shouted back, "but if you can think of any good answers, I'm willing to correct your spelling and punctuation. And now let's eat; I'm starving. I hope that's not



Who can roll off the davenport and be a suave and scintillating hostess when caught, flat-footed, napping?

a pot roast I smell, because that's what I had this noon at the cafeteria."

So I got up and went out to the kitchen to poke the pot roast. My alleged helpmate was of no more help with menus than he was with my literary career. Obviously, I had but one alternative left: hie myself down to the library and see what the theologians thought was nice about marriage. They weren't as close to the subject as I; they could well afford a fine detachment. Also, if I could only find my old notes from the Cana Conference (let's see, would they be in the buffet drawer or under the desk blotter or still in my pocketbook?).

Actually, after my Cana Conference, I want you to know that this wife was a new woman for almost two weeks before she went back to normal. And, during this subnormal period, I even wrote a love letter to my spouse, as per Father Dowling's instructions. This letter—saying all the unsaid words of appreciation that, somehow, pile up unsaid over the years—was to be tucked under his cup of coffee or stuck in his hatband. I chose the hatband. As to the letter itself . . . well, if I do say so, as I shouldn't, it was quite a beautiful contribution to the world of Arts and Letters. I had not only cited his many manly and Rock-of-Gibraltar qualities but I had gone the whole hog. I had forgiven him the Unforgivable Sin.

The Unforgivable Sin, in my books, was the time he had brought a strange gentleman home with him without a

second's warning. Unfortunately, they caught me—flat-footed—taking a cozy snooze on the davenport, and who (I ask you!) can roll off a davenport and be a suave and scintillating hostess? Especially when your husband identifies the strange gentleman as Bruce Marshall, the novelist, and then wanders casually out to the kitchen for drinks, leaving you to hold the fort. (Oh, my man, I love him so, he'll never know" . . .)

I have since tried to recall anything coherent I may have said to Mr. Marshall, but it's a lost cause. All I remember is saying, suavely, "And do you know Father Gerald Mann in England?" and having my husband call in from the kitchen, "You mean Father Vann, dear."

ALL in all, this was a wound that had not healed easily for, if I'd only had a little warning, I'm sure I could have performed more brilliantly. If not along the literary line, I could have at least had time to run the vacuum sweeper around.

But all this was water under the bridge. My immediate problem was to collect a lot of edifying material and then, somehow or other, bring it down to the level of 1253 Diamond Avenue. In other words, find a reasonable motive for liking my motley role of scrub lady, wash lady, ironing lady, dietician, cook, nursemaid, police woman, seamstress, impromptu hostess, interior decorator, marketer, plumber . . .

With a loud groan, I appealed once more to the head of the house (and I use the term loosely) for a little assistance. Now that he had devoured most of the pot roast (and wrecked my plans for tomorrow's hash), he might be more amenable.

"Would it be a mortal sin or a venial sin," I inquired, "if I publicly stated that I was crazy about housework?"

"Coming from you," said he, "it would be a statement that cried aloud to Heaven for vengeance. Anyway, I don't think that was quite what the editor had in mind for you to dwell on. I think he wanted something gay and amusing, something like the married life of William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Thin Man series. Think hard, my darling. What gay and amusing things have happened around here today?"

That last remark, in itself, was enough to make me burst a blood vessel, but his mention of married love in the movies was simply the last straw.

THOROUGHLY disgruntled with the portion life dealt me, I decided—as soon as the last child was stowed away—just to go to bed, pull the covers up over my head, and forget the whole trying problem.

After an impassioned plea to St. Jude—who handles Impossible Cases—I finally fell asleep, slipping into a merciful dream world where everything was comparatively simple. In my dream, all I had to do was complete—in twenty-five succinct words—the sentence "I Like Married Life Because," send in a box top of Krispy Kwik-Kooked Krunchies, and win a new Nash.

This was worth fighting for! (Never could win one of the Nashes in the parish raffles, and the Plymouth was falling apart at the seams.) So, working backwards, I cleverly decided to ferret out first what griped me *most* about the daily wear and tear of domestic life and then see what I had left. Way in the lead of gripes were (1) *too much racket* and (2) *lack of solitude*. A runner-up peeve was *picking up after people*.

Brooding upon these trials, the image of that penthouse overlooking the Hudson came poignantly back to me. Order (not a grand piano misplaced) . . . solitude (ah! the beautiful meditations I would now be able to cook up) . . . gracious living (meals sent up on a tray, complete with a yellow tea rose) . . . and, above all, *quiet!* Oh, there might be the faint toot of a small tug on the Hudson to pierce the calm o' evening, or perhaps the muted call of a night-

ingale, but I could put up with this much . . .

It was here that St. Jude, complete with wings, borrowed, no doubt, took over.

"Whom are you trying to fool?" whispered St. Jude. "Why do you try to cover up the truth with such smart-alecky nonsense? You know perfectly well you wouldn't be *unmarried* or swap your family for anything in the world."

"Of course not," I said indignantly. "Whatever gave you that . . ."

"Well, then," muttered St. Jude, darkly, "let's have no more chitter-chatter about penthouses and muted nightingales. And why do you think the single life automatically means a penthouse? More often, it's a dingy boardinghouse room or a neat, bleak room at the Y.W.C.A. or an impersonal hotel room. And let me tell you one more thing . . . I get just as many desperate appeals from the penthouses as from anywhere else. Only, they seem to have different complaints. Too much quiet, too much solitude, no people to pick up after. Is there *no* balance on earth? But if people like you would just stop and think a minute and look around at the next guy . . ."

"Yes, Sir," I said meekly. The possibility of being crossed off the list of even St. Jude's Impossible Cases was enough to give me pause. Beside which, I knew I really hadn't been playing fair.

I knew as well as the next housewife that, whereas peace and quiet were all

very fine, peace and quiet could also boomerang into something else. A hellish word. *Loneliness*. It's almost unsporting to bring it up, because, in any discussion of the married life versus the single life, that is the one word—the devastating touché—that finishes the bout. It's like saying, "And did you have a merry Christmas?" to a woman who spent the day in her hotel room, writing letters and rinsing out her silk stockings.

FEW are the stalwart souls who can buck it alone and like it. Of course, a little loneliness for *everyone* is not only inevitable but good—it throws you back to God—but a loneliness that is empty, not dedicated, a dead end in itself, is perhaps the saddest thing in the world.

With a bouncing and growing family, you don't have a Chinaman's chance to be lonely. You can go crazy from all the hip-hip-hooray, sure, but not from loneliness: not from those "All alone by the telephone" or "I hate to see the evening sun go down" blues. The average mother is generally so tired by five o'clock that she *loves* to see the evening sun go down. Yet there's nothing like being "as a fruitful vine, with thy children as olive plants round about thy table" to dispel any sense of futility or of not being needed or wanted.

But let us on to the larger view! Since the most important thing in the world is the salvation of one's soul (and not just getting over the line, either!),



You can go crazy from all the hip-hip-hooray, sure, but not from loneliness. There's not a Chinaman's chance

let's look at the married life from that angle. To begin with, it's *two* people saving their souls together—not just one—and this, methinks, is a much cozier arrangement. In Christian marriage, with Christ forming a triangle, you get assistance, free (!) spiritual criticism, and the comfort of companionship from one who knows all about you and loves you, anyway.

Not—Heaven forbid—that the Nuptial Mass automatically assures one of unsullied bliss here below and eternal bliss upstairs. *Au contraire*, marriage makes one more vulnerable to acute unhappiness (the loss of a child, unfaithfulness of one's spouse) and can also be a keen temptation to sin (birth control, shady business transactions because of economic panic).

Yet, for us ordinary people, marriage is the best *bet* for human happiness and the greatest *natural* means to sanctification. It offers a perfectly marvelous opportunity to die to self. Perhaps no big spectacular cross to lug, but a host of small mortifications that, *surely*, are almost as good as sleeping on a wooden plank, getting up at 2 A.M. for Adoration, or wearing a hair shirt.

And as to the basic virtues! There is nothing like a family to break down one's intellectual pride (discovering you can't even work fourth grade arithmetic any more) or feminine pride (having them tell you that your new dress makes you look heftier) or spiritual pride (suggesting you go out to a movie, that it might improve your foul disposition). And as to selfishness: you learn to share the bathroom, the clothes hangers, the dresser drawers, the telephone, your extra check from Aunt Maude, and eventually (I greatly fear) your silk stockings with your daughters.

BUT the greatest of virtues, and the most difficult, is to acquire at least a reasonably good imitation of holy patience. Such as getting a child all equipped in snowsuit, mittens, and galoshes and then having him pound on the kitchen door, three minutes later, ready to come indoors again. But my own special crucifixion is to have to put down a good book every two jerks and answer questions, blow up balloons, tie shoe strings, get another cookie, or remove bubble gum from someone's hair. And any woman who has had a baby knows that the nine months of waiting requires the *nth* degree of patience, even though you have no choice in the matter.

Perhaps that is precisely why marriage is such a spiritual safeguard: in so many instances, you *simply* have no

choice, and this is fortunate for weak feminine nature. This eliminates waiting for moods to "be holy," or doing only those things which give a smug and satisfying glow. The real difficulty . . . the catch in this testing of the spirit . . . is remembering that the small things do count. I sometimes toy with the idea of tacking up placards around the house—above the sink, en route to the garbage can, over the ironing board—proclaiming: "Offer it up!" "Carry your cross, don't just drag it along behind you!" "All things pass away; patience obtaineth all."

Marriage also deepens a woman's compassion. The mother in her is much more concerned about starving children in Europe than is the childless person; the wife in her is more disturbed about the housing shortage for young married couples; the neighbor in her is more thoughtful about the

► Before you flare up at anyone's faults, take time to count ten—ten of your own.

sick person in the next block, or the one who needs a baby sitter, or the family that needs hand-me-down clothing.

The general theory, of course, is that the single lay person has more time for good works and personal sanctification than the married woman but . . . does it generally work out that way? I doubt it. Living alone can breed odd and set little ways, selfishness, a turning inward, and perhaps even—with the pious—a certain amount of spiritual pride. After all, the single woman does have more time to join a Third Order, stack up the novenas, be president of the Children of Mary, and work for the Red Cross and Community Fund.

At this point, St. Jude interrupted me again. "Psst!" whispered St. Jude. "Take it easy. Some single people, you know, have no choice in the matter. Where's that compassion you were just talking about? And another thing I'm curious about is this: Don't tell me you just got married in order to work off your temporal punishment?"

"Well, no," said I. "I can't say that was my *primary* reason for marching down the aisle, but the other reasons are so obvious. It would sound like Edgar Guest or a song from Tin Pan Alley."

"Come, come," said St. Jude. "Now don't start getting ornery again. All I want now are a few good points about your own marriage, not just the married state."

"You mean like saying I'm glad my husband is a professor, because I enjoy the university life and because we both share the same interest in books and writing and rejection slips? And because my mother, who bakes beautiful apple pies and is a wizard at sewing, lives with us? And because the children have turned out better looking and smarter than I had any reason to hope for? And because we get to take such nice long vacations in the summer time? And because . . ."

"Precisely," said St. Jude. "And now sum it all up in twenty-five words for that entry contest."

I gave a scream. Twenty-five words! And I hadn't yet got around to the really big factor in my marriage—namely, that my husband and I see eye to eye on first things first. For example, neither of us feels that our children are going to curl up and die if they don't have *all* the cultural advantages. (Have you a potential Hollywood starlet in your home? If not, why not? Can your little moppet tap dance, yodel, imitate Mae West, play the electrical guitar, and do the split? If not, why not?) No, we're just mean enough not to care if they *never* get a chance at an M-G-M screen test.

Also, neither my husband nor I yearns and slaves and scrimps for bigger and whiter refrigerators or the latest in television sets or station wagons.

Also, we both agree that frequent weekday Mass and Communion are a mighty good investment. We invest.

So, with all this and Heaven too, it wasn't too hard to finish my entry blank for the contest. I had only to add that it was not good for man to live alone . . . that man's basic need was to love and be loved . . . and what did Dorothy Dix have that I didn't have to offer?

Doggone if I didn't, in my dream, win that Nash! True, my entry had run to 2500 succinct words, instead of twenty-five, but the judges were too weary to quibble about a mere technicality. I was so excited that I woke up, sat bolt upright in bed, and started to shake my sleeping mate.

"Hey," I said. "Guess what? St. Jude and I have just won us a new car. Now you can take the Plymouth to work and leave me the new Nash. Aren't I wonderful?"

But husbands . . . ! Instead of appreciating all my hard work, he just made a funny little noise that sounded like "glub-umph" and rolled over like a bear settling down for a hard winter.

Oh, well, *c'est la vie*. La married life, anyway.



Where Children Teach the Teachers

Combining theory with practice, the girls at St. Joseph's College learn a great deal about child psychology. They teach the children and at the same time the children by their reactions teach the teachers



Getting Junior off on the right foot is this girl's job. She puts on one shoe. He must put on the other.



This girl is observing the children through a screen. In this way they act naturally, and she can determine which is aggressive and which one needs special attention for excessive shyness.



Teaching the child to wash herself. The girls learn quickly, but it is torture for the boys.



The boys caper on the bars on the roof of the nursery. The teacher interrupts to tie a shoe.

● Today there is an intense interest in child psychology. The day is past when the problems of children were shrugged off in the hope that they would soon become adults and understand. They are no longer considered just potential—but real human beings and are treated as such.

At St. Joseph's College in Brooklyn, New York, they are studied in this way. College girls, planning careers as nursery-school teachers or contemplating marriage and home life, study and work with real live children and do not merely

content themselves with dry textbooks. In this way the children teach the teachers.

The readiness of a child to eat, to wash its own face, to pay attention to a command, to play amicably with his friends, all these contain a wealth of source material that may be mentioned in texts, but which are really understood with force and clarity by observation.

Fifty children, from two and a half to six, congregate at this nursery. The children play, the girls learn, and the parents breathe a sigh of relief.



The clay class intrigues the younger children. Some who are unruly at home spend hours patiently molding clay. This provides not only amusement, but also develops creative powers.



This college girl reads her text on the sleeping habits of children and confirms it by observing two living examples.

ANN was glad that she was alone when the pictures came. She wanted to study them unobserved.

Eagerly she hurried into the living room with the big envelope, but for a moment before she opened it she left it on her lap. She had been telling herself for ten days, ever since her first dismayed look at the proofs, that the finished pictures would be different. "A good photographer can do wonders, smoothing out here and touching up there," she had reassured herself.

Of course Voight wasn't a particularly good one, but there hadn't been enough money for Fabian or Cartwright.

The cost of the new braces for Jane's teeth had made the getting of any kind of picture seem an almost sinful extravagance, but she had to present something to the Women's Club. Custom decreed that every retiring president provide a picture of herself for the clubroom walls.

They were all there, stretching way back to '97. There were the long-nosed ladies with the pince-nez and the round-faced ladies with the swelling bosoms. A dreary lot, Ann had often thought in her younger days when she was first a member of the club. When she was so young that it was an absurdity to suppose that she herself would ever be middle-aged, she had even been amused in a tolerant way at the formidable array; but ten days ago that first dismayed glance at the proofs, confirmed by long merciless scrutiny, had jarred her into the realization that her picture would not be so out of place with the others.

True, she didn't wear a pince-nez or even a pair of spectacles. In spite of a healthy interest in her food, she hadn't acquired the bulging contour of the pigeon. But relentlessly the proofs had revealed her as forty.

The revelation had not been a complete surprise. She had no delusion that she still looked twenty-five, but she had been too busy with Drew and the children to spend much time in critical analysis before the mirror. She hadn't neglected her appearance. When she could find a dollar that she could spend without too great a sense of guilt, she had gone to the beauty parlor, but she had applied her lipstick and done her hair without much self-consciousness. And her last picture had been made fifteen years before.

It was the contrast between that picture, now hanging over the divan, and the proofs of this one that had appalled her. Without making a fetish of it, she had been rather proud of the old picture. In it she was smooth, self-assured, poised with all the serene arrogance of youth which doesn't need to shrink from the revealing lights of the photographer.

Reluctantly, yet anxiously, she opened the folder. Her heart sank. To be sure the picture was more finished than the proofs, but it was just as cruel. Honestly, dispiritedly, she compared it with the

picture on the wall, feature by feature. Looked at superficially, the resemblance was obvious enough, but everything was different. Her mouth was thinner, more firmly set, and the beautifully clear line of the jaw had blurred. It was the relaxing of the young muscles into the droop of maturity that revealed age even more than the fine lines that the retouching had not effaced. Her eyes had changed most. It was not only that they had more somber depth, but their whole setting had altered. The smooth oval of the eyelids had grown into a rougher outline, pulled into delicate angularities by the minute tightening at the corners. The face staring tensely at her was the worn, tired-looking face of middle age.

The clock struck the quarter hour, and she jumped up guiltily. She was not accustomed to brooding idleness in the morning. If she didn't hurry, the children's lunch would not be ready when they rushed in hungry and eager from school. She had just got the meal on the table when she heard them on the porch. Jane's quick dancing step and Gerald's slower, heavier walk al-

**What she saw in the picture
was a shock to Ann, and she thought
the camera lied. But when she
heard the candid comments of
her friends and family, she took another
look at herself—without her dark glasses**

by JAMES A. DUNN

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL GREGG



ready degenerating into the shamble of adolescence.

After lunch she got out the pictures and diffidently showed them.

"Do you like them?" she asked hesitantly. "I didn't say anything to Daddy about them; I was going to surprise him. I guess I will, all right," she added ruefully.

"Sure, they're swell. They look just like you," said Gerald. He handed back



Ann tried to keep from squirming under the examination

the picture. "I won't be home after school. The seventh grade is playing the sixth." He detoured through the pantry to snatch a few cookies as he went out.

Jane took longer to examine the picture. She looked at it closely, and then at the one on the wall. "You were pretty then, weren't you?" she said.

Ann wilted. It was as bad as that then. She looked at Jane to see if she

were aware of what she had said, but the child was putting the picture back with casual unconcern. It was clear that with the detachment of ten she saw no implication in what she had said but the fact of change.

Ann tried to smile at her. "You think I was?"

"Sure." Jane came over for a good-by hug. "But I like you better the way you are now," she added.

Ann was not deceived by the attempted loyalty. She remembered now, although torture would not have dragged it from her then, how as a child there had seemed to her something almost shameful in her own mother's middle-aged attempt at style. There had always been something wrong with it, something pathetic about the straight angle of the hat placed squarely across the pug or the look of the coat, turned,



The Road Back

The young husband wrote home from his new job, saying: "Made foreman—feather in my cap." A few weeks later he wrote again, saying: "Made manager—another feather in my cap." Several weeks ensued with no report. Then came a letter: "Fired—send money for train fare." Unfeeling, his wife telegraphed back: "Use feathers and fly home."

—Quote

pressed, and made over according to the latest pattern.

Resisting an impulse to sit in introspective recall of all the years that had brought her to this drab maturity, she put the picture away.

Outside a cold rain was falling from low-hanging clouds, and the kitchen seemed dark as her own mood. She pulled on the light, but the illumination sharpened the dingy outline without adding any cheer. The kitchen was like herself, worn and showing the toll of years. She had done her best with crisp curtains and with paint and varnish laboriously applied over the old woodwork, but the room had a Victorian shabbiness that would have taken two months of Drew's salary to make over.

She put the dishes in the sink. Grimly she considered its ancient ugliness. The sink was like herself, utilitarian but dull. Perhaps her dullness was her own fault. She had been so busy with little things, concentrating so much on each day's little problems of management, that she had ceased to grow. She had become a part of the household machinery, taken for granted by both the children and Drew. They loved her, of course, but she had subordinated herself so much to them that, without thinking about it at all, they accepted her as one with no eagerness for a life of her own.

SHE finished wiping the dishes, the dishes that were parts of two separate sets supplemented by replacements from the ten-cent store. Fifteen years ago the cheap china and all the other inadequacies had been things to be amused at, things to joke about gaily. They were things only temporary, to be put up with for a time, until Drew should get the recognition that would inevitably come. Drew had gone ahead a little, just enough to keep almost up with the increasing demands upon him.

It wasn't his fault, she reflected loyally, that he had never made much money. He had worked hard, patiently, intelligently, but he was too ready to step

aside, to let others take the credit, too ready to take responsibility and too slow to demand its rewards. She didn't mind that. She wouldn't have him otherwise. For herself, she could be content with little, but she wondered now if it wasn't her fault that Drew had settled too easily on his low plateau.

She sank deeper into her melancholy, taking a perverse kind of satisfaction in admitting to herself the full extent of her depression. The nagging thought that she had kept pushed out of her mind began to tease her to admit it. It wasn't a worry exactly, she contended, it couldn't be a worry where Drew was concerned. She was too confident of his loyalty. His integrity was too rock-like to admit of suspicion. He just wasn't the type that would ever be seduced from her and the children. Not that he wouldn't have plenty of opportunity. Ann had observed the willing flutter in other women when he had paid them little attentions that for him were just the easy friendliness that made other women as well as men turn to him. It wasn't just the sincerity, the courteous interest that was his appeal. Drew had never been handsome in the conventional sense; he had had nothing but rugged good looks, but as he settled into maturity he had acquired a distinction. Perhaps it was the faint air of detachment, the serenity that came from his thoughtful way of regarding things.

She had refused to admit before her dispirited apprehension that Drew was growing into a married bachelor, still loving her for her devotion and because she was the mother of his children, but regarding her almost as a faithful housekeeper. His step on the porch was still enough to make her feel more alive, to kindle a little inner warmth, but she wondered if for him the glow had faded.

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That was what middle age was, she thought, pleased with herself for the neatness of the definition. It was not merely a period of time. It was the conviction that from now on there was to be only a tolerance of things, a resigned acceptance of fact, a loss of the optimistic belief of youth that somehow, effortlessly, merely with the passing of time, there would be something better.

Or perhaps that wasn't so at all. She had read somewhere that with the middle years there came a depression that was merely physical in origin, something that disregarded would pass off like the storms of adolescence.

That was it, she declared to herself with vigor. She was just making a fool of herself because some mysterious gland had temporarily slowed down. "I'm just being a self-centered, self-pitying, morbid, introspective, dreary female," she reproached herself with sudden resolution.

She had also read that the cure for such a mood was to buy a new hat, but she was skeptical of the efficacy of such treatment and, what was more to the point, she most certainly had no money for frivolities. She resolved to clean the pantry.

IN a fury of reaction from her lethargic gloom, she had started removing dishes from the shelves when the door-bell rang.

The caller was Cora Cram, with whom Ann had gone through school.

Cora burst in with a torrent of explanation. "I was just on my way home from school and all of a sudden I thought, I haven't seen Ann for ages. I've simply got to stop in and see how the poor thing is. Not that I haven't got plenty to keep me busy." She indicated her bulging brief case and laughed the meaningless cackle with which so many women punctuate their conversation. "Two hundred themes," she said, glaring at Ann through her bifocals. "How have you been? You look a little tired."

By bearing down upon her and making ineffectual motions toward hat and coat and uttering murmurs of welcome as a kind of obligatory to Cora's machine-gun conversation, Ann managed to get her into the living room.

By sidling toward the door and muttering politely, Ann succeeded in indicating to Cora her intention of preparing tea.

"I'll come with you and then we won't have to stop talking. Oh, you've still got that old ice chest; you know the electric ones are back on the market."

Ann admitted that she knew, and after she had prepared the tea tray she

drove Clara before her, back into the living room.

Cora tucked into the tea with relish. Ann thought of the pictures. "Maybe they're not so bad," she thought forlornly. "I'll show them to Cora; she'll tell me what she thinks."

She got them out and handed them to her guest. "Some pictures I had made," she explained nervously.

Cora studied them, holding them off at various angles while a judicious frown wrinkled her brow.

"They're good," she admitted reluctantly.

"You think they do me justice?" Ann asked deprecatingly.

"Heavens, yes. You're lucky to have as good a picture as this at your age. I always say . . ."

She went on to suggest with unity, coherence, and emphasis that a poorer photographer could have revealed even more defects than the picture showed.

The clock struck five while she was still on the subject. She jumped up, announcing that she had to do some shopping before dinner, and then finished her remarks in a peroration of forty-five minutes while standing in the hall. Decisively, she cut away Ann's lingering hope that the picture did not do her justice. Cora made it clear that it was flattering.

Ann darted into the kitchen as soon as the door finally closed behind her visitor. Drew would be in at six, and she hated to have dinner late. The children had come home while Cora was taking her leave. They were in the living room now, each one curled up with a book.

"I got dinner started," Jane called out encouragingly.

ANN looked about her. Jane had indeed put the kettle on the stove and placed the paring knife conveniently near some potatoes she had taken from the vegetable bin.

"I see you have," Ann called ironically, "but now that all the heavy work is done do you think you could peel the potatoes and set the table?"

"As soon as I finish this chapter."

"Now," Ann yelled, and then silently berated herself for being a short-tempered shrew.

The telephone shrilled. "Answer it." Ann called to Gerald: "if it's your grandmother, ask her to call me later."

"It's Dad," Gerald called. "He won't be home till about nine."

"Oh," Ann said, and slowed down. She began to revise the menu. She decided they'd have supper instead of dinner; the children wouldn't care and she wasn't hungry herself.

Although the children chattered away about the day at school, the table seemed silent without Drew. He usually said little at meal times, content to listen to the children's chatter, but the house always seemed empty in the evening when he wasn't there.

After supper the children washed the dishes, with Ann umpiring from the living room the intermittent guerilla warfare that their joint efforts aroused.

The dishes finished, Ann vetoed Jane's intention to make fudge, helped Gerald with his algebra, let down a hem on Jane's dress, mended three pairs of socks, defeated the combined efforts of the children to distract her attention from the fact that it was their bedtime, and then went out to the kitchen to make some coffee to have ready when Drew came in.

He came in about nine and she met him at the door.

"Coffee," he said. "Smells good."

She brought him a cup to the living room, and he drank it appreciatively. He smiled at her as he stuffed tobacco into his pipe. "You have a light hand

► If you really wish to know a woman's bad points, just praise her to another woman.

—GALEN DRAKE

with the coffee. At times the going has been hard, but the cooking has been uniformly good."

"Yes," Ann conceded, "You married a good cook, at least."

He opened up his paper. "I married you for your money; you know that." He relaxed with a sigh of contentment and turned to his paper.

"I have something to show you," Ann said. She picked up the pictures from the desk and handed them to him.

He put his paper aside and took the envelope with genial interest. Ann watched nervously as he drew one of the pictures out. Intently he studied it for several minutes, almost as if he were regarding her for the first time.

Ann twisted her fingers abstractedly. "He's trying to find something to say," she thought miserably.

He lifted his eyes and looked at the old picture over the divan. Then his gaze shifted to her. Ann tried to keep herself from squirming under the steady examination. Finally he put the picture down and looked at her with his slow, kindly smile.

Ann repressed an impulse to mutter, "Go ahead, say it; you don't have to be nice about it." Something in his look kept her from speaking at all.

There was a curious mixture of respect, affection, and interest in his expression.

"It's certainly good," he said.

"Good," she said bitterly. "you mean it looks just like me."

"Of course it does. Shouldn't it?"

He picked up the picture again, studying it absordedly, and then obviously compared it with the wall picture.

"You've noticed the change," said Ann.

"Sure I have. I'd noticed it before, of course, but I never realized how much change there was until I compared this picture with the old one."

"It's nice of you to be so cheerful about it," Ann returned morosely, "but you don't have to rub it in."

FOR a moment he regarded her with a puzzled expression; then a look of understanding erased the bewilderment from his face.

"You think I like the old one better?"

"Wouldn't any man?"

"Not this man. Good heavens, my dear, in this picture there's life and growth and maturity and love. In the old one there was just yourself, but we're all in this one with you. Why . . ." He broke off with a helpless gesture, and added, "I'm not a very articulate fellow, but don't you know what I mean?"

Incredulous, but hopeful, Ann looked at him. She felt the glacial weight that had oppressed her all day melting and releasing her from its burden. With the lifting of her heart, a new eagerness and vitality had come over her face so that as she leaned eagerly forward there was a sparkle in her eye and a lift to her chin that suggested not the physical freshness of flesh but the youthfulness that, because it is of the spirit, is perennial.

Her skepticism vanished. There was no guile in Drew. He was incapable of dissimulation. If he said it, he meant it, but she wanted to hear it said again.

"You really like this picture as well as the old one," she said gratefully.

"I like it better. You were pretty then; you're beautiful now."

He came and put his arms about her, and, although there was a March wind clawing at the house outside and inside the room had grown cold, Ann felt a sudden delicious, relaxing warmth within her. She had a bewildering sense of spring, the perfume of lilacs and violets and the vibrations of unheard music were in the air about her. She felt strength and peace so strong within her that age had no terrors, and as she turned completely toward him she felt like a bride adorned in whiteness and light, protected forever in the surety of his love.



John A. Costello, the Prime Minister, cut the final link

NEW IRISH REPUBLIC

After years of never-ending effort and struggle for freedom, three quarters of the Irish nation has independence at last

by HUGH G. SMITH

ONLY an Order in Council to be made very soon by Premier John A. Costello's Cabinet at Government Buildings, Dublin, is necessary to make the Republic of Ireland an international reality. It has been announced that this "Appointed Day" (to use the words in the Republic of Ireland Act) will be Monday, April 18, the anniversary of the Easter Week Rising of 1916, although St. Patrick's Day had also been suggested. On the making of this Order some three quarters of the Irish nation will enter into the inheritance of a free, sovereign, and independent state.

It will certainly be a great day for the Irish, even if the shadow of an unnatural partition still hangs heavy over the six northeastern counties of the island. It is no small achievement in this year of grace 1949 to find an Ireland completely free from Cork to Donegal, from Galway to Dublin Bay, and this dearly won freedom accepted by the world comity of nations.

As Premier Costello emphasized, when he introduced his measure to cut the final link with the British Crown, the creation of an Irish republic will bring peace at home. No longer will it be necessary for Irishmen to engage in underground, illegal, armed activity, or for an Irish government to maintain military tribunals to suppress such movements against the State. With domestic peace assured, young Irishmen can concentrate upon the pressing economic and financial problems.

But ultimate peace can come to



Ireland's unnatural partition of six counties still rankles

England, were she partitioned, would have a map like this



Ireland only with the ending of partition. While it remains, it will militate against that complete trust and friendship between this island and its neighbor, Britain, which all decent Irishmen wish for today. Determination of this part of Ireland's status will, however, enable all political parties in the South to work toward Irish unity, upon which they are all at one, much though they may differ on domestic issues.

As the best solution of a complex situation, former Premier Eamon de Valera accepted the King of Great Britain as an external "organ" for accrediting Irish diplomats abroad and implementing international treaties. He adopted this device as a kind of "bridge" over which he hoped Northern

loyalists might yet cross to join the rest of Ireland.

This was an ingenious attempt to reconcile widely differing aspirations, but instead of achieving its purpose it left Ireland in the anomalous position of neither being within nor without the Commonwealth; of being a republic using a king; and of providing a "bridge" for sixteen years which Northern Unionists resolutely refused to use. Worst of all, it made possible the continuance of an underground, armed republican movement with concomitant internments, military trials, and executions.

In the circumstances, it took unusual moral and political courage for a man like Premier Costello, whose own po-

litical party's affiliations were always pro-Commonwealth, to take the plunge for an all-out republic. Mr. Costello has brought it off, and in the way Irishmen today ardently desire—that of amity with Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the United States, and India.

Just as thousands of Irish exiles have helped to build up the great American Republic, thousands more have helped to develop and build up the Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. Because of those close ties of blood and kinship, the nations of the Commonwealth have accorded to the new Republic a special relationship to that of any other state. Ireland will not be deemed a "foreign" country, nor will citizens of the British Commonwealth be "foreigners" in Ireland. Irish citizenship rights are now fully recognized, and citizens of the Republic and the Commonwealth countries will continue, as heretofore, to pass freely between each other's territories and retain their existing reciprocal trade preferences. It is in this happy relationship with the English-speaking nations of the world that this Republic of twenty-six counties comes into being.

DUBLIN'S decision to end using King George VI as an external agent had immediate reactions in Belfast. Government leaders there declared that the South's abolition of the King irrevocably barred the door against Irish unity and reiterated their determination never to come into an Irish republic. To this Southerners retort that, even when the South had accepted the King for sixteen years as a symbol of their external association with the Commonwealth, the attitude of Northern diehards still remained the old unyielding one of "not an inch."

Disquieted by events in Dublin and the determination expressed by Southern leaders to make Irish unity an international issue, Sir Basil Brooke, the Northern Premier, hastened to London with some of his ministers and requested the British Government to pass legislation which would have the effect of making partition permanent and to change the name of Northern Ireland to Ulster. The British have declined to agree to change the name to Ulster, since three of the ancient Irish Provinces of Ulster—Donegal, Monaghan, and Cavan—are under the Dublin Government.

That the British will take any overt step to make partition permanent is unlikely in view of the strong reactions such a course would have not only on Irish but on world opinion. This

whole partition situation is bedeviling Anglo-Irish relations and will continue to do so as long as it remains, but no one in Ireland today sees any immediate prospect of ending it.

Responsible public men in the South say they are adverse to a solution by force, but would rather see it ended with good will as between Irishmen. Quite a few in the South feel that having attained a republic this part of Ireland might well, while keeping its antipartition policy to the forefront, concentrate for the present upon improving economic and social conditions in the South to such an extent as to make people on the other side of the border desirous of coming in.

While there is much sentiment against Britain for carving up this small country into two administrations, the old-time, bitter, anti-British feeling has gone, and, apart from partition, relations between the governments in London and Dublin have never been more cordial. Indeed, few would like to see those good relations embittered by precipitate or ill-conceived action over partition, especially in view of the present world situation. The South has endured partition for twenty-six years; it can surely have a little patience to allow the new Republic to become established. That is the general view.

Ireland is fast shedding its insularity and looking out more and more toward the United States and Canada on its west, and to countries on the Continent like France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and Sweden. Mr. Sean MacBride, one of the ablest Foreign Ministers this country has yet had and a man of European culture and vision has done much already through talks and trade pacts to bring Ireland back into the European stream.

The radio, the cinema, but above all the coming of air transportation, have played a big part in breaking down Ireland's isolation. Mr. de Valera's Government had the vision to place Ireland well on the air map by providing an excellent trans-Atlantic airport at Shannon and one of the finest modern airports just outside Dublin. This enterprise has brought its reward in the big influx of American, British, and Continental tourists to Ireland in the last few years.

MINISTER for Industry and Commerce, Daniel Morrissey, following his visit to the United States in January, is preparing plans to attract more and more Americans to spend a vacation in Ireland. With the possibilities of an export trade to the United States so limited, tourism is one way in which Ireland can boost its sorely needed dollar earnings. There is no country in Europe that can offer a more restful vacation.

The war years and the plight of starving Europe underlined, as nothing else could, the wealth Providence has given this country in its humid climate and verdant, emerald-green fields. Irish farming is at last coming into its own, and there is a great resurgence in agriculture, in which the Marshall Aid Loans are playing a vital and valued part.

Because he realizes how much of the wealth of Ireland lies in its pastures, the present dynamic Minister for Agriculture, James Dillon, brought over one of New Zealand's greatest experts on grass to examine and advise upon the best methods of preserving and utilizing Irish grasslands.

Great as are all these American and state aids to agriculture, the most



Ireland, thanks to Mr. de Valera, is well on the air map. The Terminal Building at Dublin Airport is shown above

heartening and welcome signs in Irish rural life are the self-help movements that have sprung up spontaneously from among the people themselves.

The young farmers have organized themselves into Young Farmers' Clubs all over Ireland, and, through conferences, meetings, debates, scientific lectures, ploughing competitions, and interchange of visits with young farmers in other countries, are out to make themselves better farmers.

On the purely scientific side, graduates of the National University Faculty of Agriculture have banded themselves into an Agricultural Scientific Association to pool their knowledge and experience, while, under the aegis of Mr. Dillon, veterinary research has been very much extended.

These all touch upon the economics and methods of farming, but of no less importance from the viewpoint of creating a brighter social and community life in rural Ireland is the movement founded by a sturdy and public-spirited Tipperary priest, Father John M. Hayes.

Some years ago, while a curate in Tipperary town, he saw the need for a self-help community movement in the country towns and villages and launched an organization on a parish basis known as *Muintir na Tire* (or People of the Land). The parish guilds formed under this movement provide local drama and concert entertainments; help for small farmers and farm workers on a co-operative plan; promote local industries; settle local disputes; in short, do everything possible to make life bright and interesting not only for the young but the older people as well. It even runs its own paper, *The Landmark*.

A year or two ago, Father Hayes was nominated by Archbishop Kinnane as parish priest to the little town of Bansha, at the foot of the Galtee Mountains. When he moved in, Father Hayes found the only activity in Bansha was the moving out of young people to find work in England or emigration to the United States. The sole mill in the town was idle for years and falling into decay.

Father Hayes quickly organized a parish guild, and then through co-operative effort the mill was purchased and later converted into a jam factory. Today there is no unemployment in Bansha and no emigration. The factory, now with a considerable payroll, is extending its activities to include making soft drinks, sauces, and fruit packing, while the small farms around have added to their cropping soft-fruit growing for jam making.

The electricity recently brought into Bansha lights the hall where a library and drama circle function and will soon be used for the parish cinema now contemplated. This is the kind of salutary movement that will help to arrest the flight from the land in Ireland, raise the level of rural life, and stem the tide of emigration.

In a grass country like Ireland, where so many of the farmsteads are of fifteen acres and under, there must always be a movement from the land, and the most any home government can achieve is to reduce emigration by fostering native industries, particularly those such as meat canning, brewing, tanning, and dairy food processing, using raw materials from the land.

This policy of industrial development was followed by Mr. de Valera's government, and is being sedulously continued by Mr. Costello's administration but with as little reliance upon tariffs as possible. After many years' experience of tariffs, legislators in Ireland have learned that tariffs can have the twin evil effects of protecting uneconomic, inefficiently run industries and rocketing living costs unduly.



Fr. Hayes, the founder of a rural program



Right: Sean McBride, Minister External Affairs

Side by side with agricultural and industrial development, this island state is at last becoming sea-conscious. Almost entirely dependent upon Britain to provide ships to carry passengers and goods into and out of the country, the Irish Government found itself up against a serious problem during the critical years of the war when it was left virtually without shipping. At fantastic prices, it was forced to buy inferior old ships to create hurriedly the nucleus of an Irish mercantile fleet.

Ireland learned its lesson and will never again leave itself without a sufficient fleet of worthy, seagoing vessels.

Early this year, the first of its new cargo ships, the "Irish Pine," was feted at New York on its maiden voyage to the United States to load up with a cargo of corn. Several more ships of a similar type are being completed in British shipyards, and by the end of 1949 there will be quite a substantial Irish mercantile fleet. On the success of the cargo service these ships inaugurate will depend the decision of the Government to build a few ten-thousand-ton North Atlantic passenger liners.

In the air, the services run by the Irish Air Company, *Aer Lingus*, to Britain and the Continent are doing remarkably well, but the project envisaged by Mr. de Valera's Government of embarking upon the costly business of flying planes to America was wisely dropped.

Now all this does not suggest that all is lovely and fair in Ireland this St. Patrick's Day and that the country is gaily sailing along a milky path glistening with Marshall Aid Loan dollars. The fact is that the country has been carrying on with a heavy adverse trade balance which must be reduced. Pressing problems facing this state are the expansion of agricultural production during the next four years, drastic cutting down of expenditure and luxury imports, so that by the time Marshall Aid ceases in 1953 the country will be living within its means, balancing its budget, and able to stand on its own feet without outside assistance. This can be achieved only through some measures of national austerity and hard work both in factory and field to get the maximum output.

Graver even than the fiscal or trade problems is the human problem of stemming the far too great tide of emigration of the best of the nation's young people to England, the Commonwealth countries, and the States.

Just as in most other countries, there is always in the Irish mind these days the possibility of another war, and when that is discussed everyone takes it for granted that there will be no neutrality here.

"If the next war is over religion (meaning Christianity versus Communism) we can't keep out of it," said the intelligent milkman who comes to my door every morning. That very well epitomizes the view of the plain people of Ireland. Meantime hoping, praying, and acting on the assumption that there may be no next war—in this generation's time, at all events—people are doing their best to build up a fair, new, Irish Republic of which those at home, and kinfolk abroad, can well be proud.

The Mercy and Justice of God

by HILARY SWEENEY, C.P.

Mercy and justice are the work of the Cross. It is for us to deserve the one and placate the other



THERE are two ways of speaking about God. We can say what He is not and we can say what He is like. But, when we liken God to any of His creatures, we must always add that God is infinitely superior to the qualities we attribute to Him.

Because we are so limited in our manner of speaking about God, God had to accommodate Himself to our limitations when He desired to speak to us about Himself. It is understandable, then, that the Holy Scriptures, which are a partial source of that Divine Revelation, are confined to these two ways of speaking about God.

The two ways supplement each other. The way of negation serves to check what is daring in the analogies we make of God. For it is always necessary to add that God is not intelligent nor loving in the imperfect way that we are intelligent and loving. He is not One Nature in the same way that we men are all of one nature. He is not Three Divine Persons in the same way that any three of us are three persons.

Necessary as the way of negation is to any human discourse about God, there is no doubt but that, psychologically, it is the less satisfying to us. We need to have something with which to compare God, if we are to know ever so little positively about Him.

Now there are two speech patterns within which it is possible to speak of God positively and reverently. These are: the simile and the metaphor. As we should expect, both are found abundantly in Sacred Scripture. And,

because they are analogies, each has in it an inevitable obscurity—an obscurity which, oddly enough, is dispelled, not by the intellect but by the will. Because faith is an intellectual assent to "things not seen," it is first an act of the will. And it is precisely because good will was wanting that God's revelations of Himself were not accepted. Indeed, it will always be so.

Now, what is this obscurity in Divine Faith which makes it fitting that God reveal Himself to us in simile and metaphor?

Jesus Christ tells us that, unless we become as little children, we shall not enter His kingdom (Matt. 18:3). But what is so admirable in a child, as to make childhood a good analogy for the entrance requirements to the kingdom of God. Let us see.

YOU do not treat your child to a lecture on the physics of combustion. You simply tell him not to play with matches and expect him to obey. With all due respect for the "American way" and child psychology, we instinctively feel that to command the child's obedience is not to impose a burden on him that is beyond the ability of his little "ego" to bear. No more do we feel unduly constrained because we, even as adults, must obey public authority for the good of society. For

obedience to public authority is at once the test of good citizenship, as it is its surest guarantee.

In a word, authority is not a violence imposed on us but a necessity which takes account of our limitations. That is why childhood, as being a state of helplessness, of limitations, serves well to teach this truth: We are not competent to know the secrets of the kingdom of God. Therefore, we must accept the revelation of these secrets on the authority of God who reveals them.

Not only must we become as little children, in this sense, but, (and here Our Lord passes from simile to metaphor), "Unless a man be born again . . . he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." (John 3:5)

It is true that a man cannot enter his mother's womb to be born again. But Jesus leaves Nicodemus no alternative but to believe that water and the Holy Spirit will engender a "new creature" (2 Cor. 5:17). He does not explain. He repeats. To explain would have been to remove the merit of faith. Indeed, to remove the obscurity would have been to remove the motive of faith which is the authority of God revealing. It requires faith to believe that this "new creature" is "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." (John 1:13)

So much for the obscurity of the metaphor. The parable, too, which is an extended simile, has in it a certain obscurity which can be overcome only by faith.

The wicked vine-dressers are not the children of Israel, guilty of the blood of the prophets, "from the blood of Abel unto the blood of Zacharias." (Luke 11:51), unless, by an act of will, they believe the hidden meaning of the parable:

"Now he still had one left, a beloved son; and him he sent to them last of all, saying: 'They will respect my son.' But the vine-dressers said to one another: 'This is the heir; come, let us kill him.'" (Mark 12:6, 7)

It was because faith alone was the key to the meaning of Jesus' preaching that He "spoke to the crowd in parables, and without parables he did not speak to them" (Matt. 13:34). Only thus could be fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah: "Hear indeed, but do not understand; see indeed, but do not perceive!" (Is. 6:9)

Whether by parable or by metaphor, the revelation of God was necessarily obscure. But in this very obscurity lay the test of faith. Indeed, this obscurity was itself a mercy of God.

Light that is sheer light is blinding. Saint Paul knew it well. "The glory of that light," he says, speaking of the miraculous appearance of Jesus on the Damascus road, "blinded me" (Acts 22:11). Yet there is a way to look even at the sun. "I am the light of the world," says Jesus (John 8:12). And how shall we see this Light? Not in light, but in obscurity—in faith. As Saint Paul says: "We see now through a mirror in an obscure manner, but then face to face" (1 Cor. 13:12). For it will be different then: "In thy light we shall see light." (Ps. 35:10)

Jesus is the Light "that enlightens every man" (John 1:9). Indeed, those who receive this Light, He called the "children of light," while those who do not apprehend it, He called the "children of darkness."

Jesus admonished His disciples to give evidence of their faith, saying: "So let your light shine before men, in order that they may . . . give glory to your Father in heaven" (Matt. 5:16). He Himself first gave glory to the Father in that "the words that thou hast given me I have given to them. And they have received them, and have known of a truth that I came forth from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me." (John 17:8)

"While you have the light, believe

in the light, that you may become sons of light" (John 12:36). "While daylight lasts, I must work in the service of him who sent me; the night is coming, when there is no working any more." (John 9:4, 5)

Here was a clear reference to His death. Even Nature, which greeted His coming with a marvelous light, now bore witness to His death with a marvelous noonday darkness. "It was about the sixth hour, and there was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. The sun was darkened" (Luke 23:44, 45). "This is that very night," sings Holy Mother Church,

"in which of old Thou didst bring our fathers, the children of Israel out of Egypt . . . This is the night in which a shining pillar of fire chased away the dark clouds of sin . . . This is the night in which Christ the Conqueror broke the chains of death . . . Oh truly happy night which saw the Egyptians despoiled and the Israelites enriched . . . night in which were made one the things of heaven and the things of earth, the things of God and the things of man."

Here, on the Cross, "it is consummated" (John 19:30). The light "shines in darkness and the darkness grasped it not" (John 1:5). Now Jesus must condemn,

► That which is often asked of God is not so much His will and way as His approval of our way.

—GUIDEPOSTS

must "make manifest the thoughts of many hearts." "For judgment have I come into this world, that they who do not see may see, and they who see may become blind" (John 9:39). On the cross, the Light of the World flickers painfully and dies, and, paradoxically, condemned to death by execution, His death is the execution of a condemnation.

"Sentence is now being passed on this world; now is the time when the prince of this world is to be cast out. Yes, if only I am lifted up from the earth, I will attract all men to myself." (John 12:31, 32)

Not for this was Jesus sent by His Father into the world: to condemn the world, but rather to save it. Yet, says St. Augustine, "God who made us without us, will not save us without us."

"For God did not send his Son into the world to reject the world, but so that the world might find salvation

through him . . . Rejection lies in this: that when the light came into the world, men preferred darkness to the light." (John 3:17, 19)

In His mercy, Jesus spoke in simile and metaphor, "being able to feel for them when they are ignorant" (Heb. 5:2). In His justice, He challenged faith, by which we apprehend the light obscurely.

Mercy and justice are the work of the Cross. It is for us to deserve the one and placate the other. Long ago the Psalmist told us how this is to be accomplished. "Mercy and faithfulness shall unite. Justice and peace shall embrace." (Ps. 84:10)

By our faithfulness, then, we are to gain mercy. But how shall we obtain this peace, by which we embrace the justice of God without being condemned by it?

It is only by faith that we follow the way of peace, as the father of the baptist had foretold:

"Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel; he has visited his people, and wrought their redemption . . . Such is the merciful kindness of our God, which has bidden him come to us, like a dawning from on high, to give light to those who live in darkness, in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace." (Luke 1:68, 78, 79)

Such was the tragedy of God's visitation that, preaching in the only manner whereby we could hear Him, Jesus, who is all light, tempered the overpowering brilliance of His divine message with the obscurity of simile and metaphor. And this very obscurity, offered to men as the test of faith and as the means of knowing Him, served only to accuse those who, rejecting the Light, were themselves rejected of God. The accusation? "If you were blind, you would not have sin. But now that you say, 'We see,' your sin remains." (John 9:41)

We cannot bear such condemnation. That is why, sinners that we are, we share, with those who rejected Christ in the flesh, the comfort of His prayer on the Cross: "Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they are doing." (Luke 23:34)

Only by one sin can we remove ourselves from this merciful plea of the Crucified: by a sin against the Light, by a sin against the Faith.

Far be it from us that so we should ever come under the condemnation of His justice, who, of His mercy, acquitted us.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Catholic War Veterans

THERE IS A PHRASE often used, and often used rightly among Catholics: "He who is not with Me is against Me." It is a phrase truly terrible in its imputation of responsibility, and I do not think it should be used as lightly as it sometimes is today. Occasionally I wonder if some of those most eager to advance the Lord's cause are getting anywhere with it by quarreling because everyone does not adopt the one method of advancing it and throw away the rest. By a hundred gates men come to faith; by various stairs they climb to God. Some accept Him simply, both the brilliant and the most ordinary; some have to wrestle a long time before they know it was an angel with whom they were fighting. And so there are methods and methods to bring about the Kingdom of God. But sometimes the disparaging and unkind remarks about another's efforts give a general effect instead, as if Armageddon were at hand.

Last month in *THE SIGN*, I was attacked by letter and John Cort was lauded; last week in *Commonweal*, John Cort was attacked and someone else was lauded; and so it goes. I was attacked because I did not think the Catholic War Veterans had the whole answer to the world situation in regard to Communism. I thought their general program fine, but I do not think denunciation of Communism is a good reason for founding such an organization as this. The letter writer implied this was the case and spoke especially of influencing the labor unions against it. But the unions, according to the papers, seem to be taking care of Communistic influences well by themselves. I think such a Catholic organization best proves its social worth when it works for better wages, better housing, better laws to protect children—things which family and state and nation must have to live a life of freedom within the framework of just laws. As for combating Communism, I think our deepest need is a *spiritual* upbuilding program.

I myself am afraid Robert's Rules of Order will not rout the Communists. But the gift of a pair of shoes or a coat, the taking into one's home of a neglected child, words of sympathy and help—these might do it. Sister Judith, speaking for Hungarian relief, put this very succinctly and from experience: "It seems evident in Europe that it cannot be done by preaching alone. But cheerful, daring charity, just plain, simple kindness and interest in other people's difficulties—even the Communists will stop and listen and perhaps think differently."

Co-operation and Organization

LAST YEAR A SUBWAY CAR caught a woman between platform and door. Lots of suggestions were offered as to what to do; a station attendant solved it. All the people on the platform pushed against the car and it finally moved just enough to free her. And she was freed because they all pushed together.

If we each performed now and then one simple, kindly act that showed we Catholics take seriously what our Faith says and Our Lord bids us, we might soon change the world. And if we are today reaching a situation where blows may again be dealt among nations, then it is because all

of us—as Dostoevski, a Russian writer, said—are to blame.

In *Integrity* (and I don't want anyone to think I don't feel that young magazine is not a fine one) there is a review of Father Keller's book, *You Can Change the World*. Again we have here opposition to another's method, this time, in fact, to Father Keller's lack of method. We must have organizations to put over Catholic Action, says the writer in *Integrity*. Of course we must, and I am sure that Father Keller thinks so too. In fact, he is himself a member of an extremely busy organization. He evidently takes such organizations for granted and certainly does not preach against them. I am sure that his Christophers, many of them, belong to various organizations. But the point is that they double their value by being Christophers too.

"A little naïve" is the summing up of Father Keller's book, according to the reviewer in *Integrity*. Well, no doubt there were people in Palestine who thought that about Our Lord's teaching too. But it's so easy to find fault, and I am honestly not trying to do that with any of the people who have ideas for destroying the evil faith of Communism. But I do have one conviction—and that is that you can't actually help do this unless you first of all live as a Catholic, and that implies a great deal. Father Keller speaks of Communism in his book, but as a spiritual evil.

Needed -- In Union Square

I SOMETIMES GROW WEARY of Communism breakfasts and Catholic radio addresses where Communism gets one more working over. I wish some of the men who speak so ably before their audiences, all of whom are already firmly convinced of its evil, would go down to Union Square and to other meeting places of the radicals, of the unsatisfied, or the merely curious, and use their oratory, their faith, their reputation to speak to those who are certain Communism is wonderful or are halfway convinced.

The worst of Communism is not that it threatens capitalism, but that it threatens the moral order. In its Russian form there is no doubt of its evil. Here, for instance, is what teachers under the Soviets must tell their children who ask about God: "God is a myth, thought up by people a thousand and more years ago, to explain things they did not understand."

A Hungarian Communist has recently written a poem which runs in part: "A new god has come to you; his fiery eyes do not flash through clouds of incense or altar candles or gleam from the gold frames of the saints . . . he was not born in heaven . . . the new god is born from earth and blood . . . under his steps the globe trembles from east to west . . . it is the red god. The Seine shudders, Westminster trembles, across the ocean his red shadow falls on the White House. Hosanna, new god."

Do you see what I mean? Only the sword of the spirit will help here, not the sword of debate or of war. Only charity, in the least individual acts for God and His poor.

If we all act together, and act with love, we can, like the people in the subway, push away evil and bring rescue and safety. If only, though, if only I were sure that some Catholics who read this were not smiling at my naïve words!

The Communist drive is far in advance of the Chinese Red
armies. Moscow-trained agents have penetrated southeast Asia and India

PAVING THE WAY FOR CONQUEST

by HALLETT ABEND

SINCE the tide of disaster began engulfing General Chiang Kai-shek's government in China last October, it has become commonplace in the United States to hear the remark that: "If China goes Red, Communism may spread all over Asia."

Most people who make that remark do so merely as a parrotlike repetition of a saying they have heard or read. Most people do not realize how well organized and well armed the Communist forces in Asia, outside of China, already are. And few indeed of them have ever heard of the important secret Communist Conference for Asia, which was held at Calcutta, India, in March of last year.

This Calcutta Conference will loom large when the history of the spread of Communism is finally written. It could not have been held there had the British continued in control of India. Actually, most of the delegates carried diplomatic passports, and their presence was known to the Indian authorities, but not the purpose of their gathering.

Communist leaders were present in Calcutta representing the Party organizations in China, French Indo-China, Malaya, Burma, Java, Sumatra, India, and Pakistan. A Russian from Moscow presided; General Mao Tse-tung, the Red leader of China, sent a staff man; and all of the Communist moves in East Asia since last spring have been made as a result of the specific directives issued from that conference.

The Soviet Embassy to India, located in New Delhi, was used as the clearinghouse for the conference decisions. Under Ambassador Novikoff, the staff of this embassy was increased to more than one hundred members during 1948.

Novikoff himself was sent to New Delhi from Vienna, where he had directed the affairs of the military occupation of the Russian zone of Austria, and where he made a reputation

for himself as a notoriously brutal and tricky individual.

Ambassador Novikoff, however, is believed to be, in the main, a figurehead, while the real chief of the Communist movement and of the Russian spies and organizers in India is said to be the notorious Pavel Erzine of the M.V.D. department. Erzine speaks many languages, travels widely over middle and eastern Asia, and is ably assisted by a member of the Czech Legation at New Delhi who is known merely as "Dutka."

In many parts of southeast Asia, the local Communist organizations were quiet and inconspicuous until the Japanese armies invaded that part of the world in 1942. Then they became exceedingly active, and pleaded for money and arms with which to fight the invaders. Most French, British, and Dutch colonial administrators warned against arming these factions, but their warnings went unheeded.

As the war years dragged on, important amounts of money, arms, and munitions were dropped from the air for these Red cells, in the hope of accelerating behind-the-lines attacks upon the Japanese. But these supplies were only rarely used against Hirohito's forces; in the main they were hoarded for future use—as the colonial administrators had warned they would be. Now they are being used against us and against our allies in the world-wide effort to contain Communism.

One of the reasons that the military triumphs of the Communists in China are of vital importance is that a majority of the Communist leaders in southeast Asia are Chinese. There are about seven million Chinese, mostly merchants and traders, scattered through Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Singapore, Java, Sumatra, and Burma. With great farsightedness, these scores of Chinese groups and communities of

voluntary exiles, which are naturally exceedingly clannish, have been widely permeated by Chinese Reds. Hundreds of them were educated at the old Sun Yat-sen University maintained in Moscow at Soviet expense.

During the years 1924 to 1928 inclusive, about eight hundred promising young Chinese leftists were hauled clear across Asia twice a year, given six months cramming courses in doctrine, organization, revolutionary tactics, and propaganda, and then sent back to the Far East—all at Russian expense. Two classes, averaging eight hundred each, were graduated every year.

It was these young men, and many young women, who infiltrated Chiang Kai-shek's armies before and during his triumphant march northward from Canton in 1926 and until he broke with Moscow and with the Chinese Communists in the spring of 1927. After the downfall of the Red government at Hankow in that year, hundreds of these trained workers spread all over southeast Asia and into India, and now they are working again—feverishly. Today, they guide and direct not only the native Communist resistance groups, but many have worked their way into various nationalist organizations where they encourage and inflame the leaders, and thus beguile many dupes into unconsciously following Communist directives, as they have done recently in Java and Sumatra.

The General Headquarters, in a military sense, for this vast movement, is located at Chita and is under the command of Marshal Malinovsky. General Mao Tse-tung, the Chinese Communist leader, commands advanced headquarters and has an able Russian general on his staff. This man speaks fluent Chinese and Siamese.

Operating under the direction of the main headquarters at Chita, there are many subordinate command groups scattered throughout southeast Asia, the islands of the East Indies, Pakistan, and India. These regional groups are



If war comes soon, the Soviet main offensives will probably be in these three directions

now exceedingly active in Burma, in Indo-China, in Siam, in the Malay States, Singapore, Java, and Sumatra.

The revolutionary leader, Thakin Tan Tun, is area commander for disturbed Burma; Pidi Panamyong is the director for Siam, Musaj for Malaya and the East Indies, and Ho-Chih-Minh leads the movement against France as well as being the Communist leader for all of Indo-China.

Mao Tse-tung's headquarters in Communist China acts as supply base for all these units farther afield. Supplies of all kinds originate in Russia, are hauled by rail across Siberia and down through Manchuria into North China. From Mao's China base they are finally distributed by air southward.

Even while Chiang Kai-shek held Shanghai, most political directives came from that city, where they were handled by the secretariat of the Pan-Pacific Trade Union. During much of 1948, the Soviet Embassy at Bangkok was an important relay point. Serge Neichina, the Soviet Ambassador to Siam, has increased the personnel of his Embassy to more than one hundred persons within the last year, most of whom travel much of the time on diplomatic passports and direct Communist information and propaganda workers all over southeast Asia.

In this vast area, most of the Communist efforts so far have been aimed not at immediate and outright revolution on a large scale, but at creating economic and political unrest and labor hostility. By this means, Moscow hopes to curtail the exports to the United States and other Western powers of essential stockpiling raw materials—tin, rubber, oil, drugs. This movement is also designed to help wreck the European Recovery Program.

The Communist Conference in Calcutta last March was followed in July by Mao Tse-tung's making a secret tour by air to many of the southeast Asia command points. He took with him nearly a score of Chinese and Russian staff members. After his return to China after the middle of August, Mao flew to Chita to report, and to confer with Marshal Malinovsky.

In India the trade unions are already largely dominated by Communists, and in Congress the left wing group openly plays into their hands. Nationalization of industry is being openly planned, and in the matter of land ownership the ultimate aim is general collectivism. About 30 per cent of India's tillable soil is owned by the "big landowners." Some of these have already been dispossessed, at fairly adequate compensation, and their former holdings have

been distributed to landless peasants.

Several fair-sized areas of India's sub-continent still belong to France, and Portugal refuses to be dispossessed of Goa, where her best warship is kept at anchor. The French are discouraged and privately admit that they must follow the British lead and move out, but the Goanese natives, most of whom are Catholics, are well content with things as they are. And no wonder; in the French and Portuguese areas, taxes are only about one-third what they have risen to in independent India.

Existence of the Communist Party is legal in all of India except in Bombay and in Bengal—which, of course, includes Calcutta. But in spite of the legal bans in Bombay and Bengal, the Communists operate openly there and last July boasted of 110,000 dues-paying members in the two areas. In Calcutta, the Communists openly defy the law by publishing a weekly newspaper and by constantly recruiting new members from the dock workers and factory hands.

Half a year ago, competent American and European observers believed that in the event of a third world war India would remain neutral. Now they are not so sure, and reports have it that India is becoming less and less friendly to the West as the activities of Com-

munist propagandists and organizers continue unchecked.

Recent Communist successes in China have contributed to this change of attitude, as have the United States' shifts of policy on the Israeli-Arab disputes and the recent resort to armed violence by the Dutch in Java and Sumatra.

It is believed by strategists that if war comes Russia would prefer for India and Pakistan to observe a strict neutrality during the first part of the struggle. This would permit Moscow

any future major conflict and are much more sympathetic toward the United States and the West than are the Indian leaders. So far the Communist movement is not of serious proportions in Pakistan, although a few Communist cells exist amongst the dock workers and seafaring unions at Karachi. The Government is wary and alert against any general spread of propaganda.

But along the Northwest Frontier the situation commands attention, for the Russians have gained important footholds in this region of strategic mountain passes. The notorious Fakir of Ipi, otherwise known as Haji Mirza Ali Khan, who was first pro-Pakistan and next pro-India, is now pro-Soviet. His present efforts are toward organizing guerrillas and bandits and trying to alienate the people from their loyalty to Karachi.

So far, Moscow has no Embassy at Pakistan's capital, and until the fairly recent arrival from Hungary of Tibor Mende, with a large mission, none of

billion dollars for our own rearmament, here are the probable lines of the three main planned Soviet offensives.

First, westward through Europe. Resistance would be relatively unimportant; again the West would effectively combine its strength a little too late. The Soviet objective, of course, would be Gibraltar, which would seal off the western Mediterranean and give Russia control of much of North Africa.

SECOND, a push through the Middle East would offer as glittering possible prizes control of Suez, seizure of vast oil reserves, and control of the eastern half of the Mediterranean. This whole area is ripe for invasion. Greece is already bled white by the continuing civil war. Syria, Transjordan, and Egypt have warred with Israel and are torn by internal dissensions. Turkey is gradually bankrupting herself by full-scale mobilization under the continuing threat of the poised Russian armies under Bagramain and Zhukov.

Third, the dangerous line from China down through Indo-China, Siam, Burma, and Malaya to Singapore. This route is best organized for a quick and smashing blow against the outposts and strongholds of the West.

In this situation, much depends upon India and upon Pakistan. If those countries were more pro-Western than neutral, Russia would be deterred from many ventures by the mere threat of potentially hostile forces landing in the great subcontinent where until recently the British Raj ruled. If India and Pakistan would welcome Western armies, naval units, and airplanes, the two main southward thrusts of the Russians in Asia could be outflanked.

But nothing is being done to woo to our side the peoples or leaders of India or of Pakistan, or even to educate them to their own perils, and meanwhile Communist workers are busy nearly everywhere.

In this general situation, our own position in Japan and Korea has become one of the utmost peril and urgency. Our entire Far East army and air force strength consists of four divisions of troops, one of which is airborne, and about 650 airplanes.

Against this, Russia has already massed in Manchuria and in eastern Siberia 6,750 airplanes and 45 divisions of troops, of which eight are airborne. When it comes to surface naval craft, we have an overwhelming superiority in the western Pacific, but Russia has at least one hundred of the dreaded Snorkel type submarines based upon Vladivostok, and as yet we have perfected no way of dealing with these German-invented terrors of the sea.



Circle: General Mao Tse-tung, leader of Chinese Red armies. Below: Some of his Russian-equipped soldiers

to make swift military thrusts down through the Middle East and through southeast Asia from China. Neutrality of India and Pakistan would protect two Soviet flanks from attack.

Meanwhile, the problem of vast masses of refugees seriously troubles both India and Pakistan. More than six and a half million Moslems fled from India into Pakistan, and more than five million Hindus left Moslem Pakistan for the safety of India. In all refugee camps there has been hunger and chaos, and these disturbed centers of homeless human beings have been ideal working fields for the Communist organizers.

The leaders of Pakistan are realistically convinced that their country would be unable to stay permanently out of

the Soviet satellite states had any diplomatic connections with Karachi. Mende is considered dangerous. He is a well-trained Communist, a man who is delightful socially. He lived long in the United States and knows American ways of life and thought. Already Russia and the Czechs are using the Hungarian mission to outbid Britain and the United States for Pakistan's cotton and jute.

While the eyes of the Western world are, to a large extent, focused upon Berlin, upon China, and upon the East Indies, the more dangerous tensions are actually elsewhere. In the event that Russia should decide that her best time to strike is before we have further strengthened Western Europe, and before we have poured out another fifteen



by **ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.**

Bible Christians

Why is it that, generally speaking, Catholics have the reputation of not knowing the Bible as well as Protestants?—A. M., LOUISVILLE, KY.

It is still true that the Bible is the world's "best seller." Non-Catholic Christians have the reputation, generally speaking, of being rather well acquainted with the Bible and are to be admired for their zeal in circulating copies on a world-wide scale. Just how their knowledge of the Bible may compare with that of Catholics is a matter which would be difficult to determine. However, assuming that your impression is accurate, it is easily understandable why Protestants would be constrained to depend upon the Bible more than Catholics are.

The Bible is God's Word, and it is better to enjoy the guidance of part of His revelation than none at all. Most Protestants admit no source or font of divine revelation other than the Bible. But Catholics acknowledge the Bible, plus Tradition—that is to say, the oral as well as the written Word of God. Furthermore, Catholics do not have to depend exclusively upon their own ingenuity for a reliable interpretation of the written Word of God, any more than they depend upon mere human fidelity in the transmission of God's oral Word. They look to the infallible teaching authority established by Christ—a divine commission easily discernible in the Bible.

It is of the ABC's of Christianity to realize that there are two fonts of divine revelation—Tradition as well as Scripture. Do you recall St. Paul's words on this point? "So then, brethren, stand firm, and hold the teachings that you have learned, whether by word or by letter." The Church was centuries old before any heretics dreamed of scuttling the oral Word of God, or of taking it upon themselves arbitrarily to interpret His written Word. Apropos of the latter point, we are confronted with the historically clear deputation by Christ of an infallible interpreter. The acute need of such an infallible guide is neatly illustrated by the sterility of human documents, such as the Constitution of the United States. We depend upon the decisions of the Supreme Court, because the written word is not adequately self-explanatory. A similar exigency is applicable to the written Word of God, a situation to which St. Peter was alert: "In these epistles there are certain things difficult to understand, which the unlearned and the unstable distort, just as they do the rest of the Scriptures also, to their own destruction."

What has been said above is not intended as an apology for those Catholics whose knowledge of God's written Word may be shabby. Rather, we wish to emphasize the need for a living, infallibly reliable guide in the understanding of God's supernatural message to the human family. That need is exemplified tragically by the divergency of human opinion among non-Catholic Christian sects, and by their vagaries in faith, morals, and worship.

Ashes

It seems to me that you Catholics do inconsistent things. On Ash Wednesday, your women smudge their foreheads with ashes and at the same time sport cosmetics. Why the ashes?—K. K., BALTIMORE, MD.

It does seem somewhat incongruous to endeavor to create or to emphasize beauty artificially, while displaying in a prominent way a reminder of one's dusty origin. The ancient symbolism of ashes derives from Old Testament times and has always signified humility and repentance. Its well-understood signification is referred to by Our Lord, as recorded in the Gospel of St. Matthew: "He then began to upbraid the cities wherein were done the most of His miracles, for that they had not done penance. For if in Tyre and Sidon had been wrought the miracles that have been wrought in you, they had long ago done penance in sackcloth and ashes."

During the earliest centuries of the New Testament, the use of penitential ashes was confined, officially and for the most part, to public sinners whose conduct had made them notorious. Gradually, the distribution of ashes became more widespread, and by the twelfth century the practice had become universal throughout the Church. On the first day of Lent, ashes are blessed as a sacramental and given to all the faithful. A sacramental is something perceivable in a human way, conducive to the fostering of personal devotion, and blessed by the Church. Through the prayers of the Church and the becoming dispositions of the recipient, a sacramental is an occasion of actual grace.

Lenten ashes are obtained by burning the blessed palms of the previous Palm Sunday. The words of the priest that accompany the imposition of ashes on the forehead are a blunt reminder of the body's origin and impending dissolution: "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return!" Both this sacramental formula and the impressive prayers whereby the ashes are blessed keynote the season of Lent as a time of unworldly thoughtfulness, penance, and co-operation with our crucified Redeemer.

Can 370 Clergymen Be Wrong?

At the turn of the New Year, 379 Protestant and Jewish clergymen petitioned the State Legislature of New York to legalize euthanasia. They maintain that human beings should enjoy from society the mercy extended to animals by the S.P.C.A. How about an incurable sufferer being at the mercy of conspiring relatives who might be prospective heirs?—O. C., SEATTLE, WASH.

According to a *New York Times* report of January 6, the latest sponsors of euthanasia claim to have so hedged the proposed bill with protective measures in behalf of the patient as to preclude danger from designing relatives or other beneficiaries. "The life of the incurable sufferer would not be brought to a halt until after he had filed his petition and obtained approval of it by the court and a medical committee."

However, experience with and observation of shyster

attorneys justify the fear that many an incurable would die of strangulation by legal red tape! Nor would relatives be wanting who would abet such legalized killing, cloaked as it would be under the guise of "mercy killing." According to the same newspaper report, "Bills urging the legalization of killing of persons who are defective or ailing in one way or another have been offered from year to year in Albany, but their sponsors in recent years have been unable to have them introduced by a member of either the Senate or the Assembly." Apparently, the legislators can discern the difference between an aroma and a stench, between mercy and murder.

According to the dictionary, a euphemism is defined as "a mild or agreeable expression for something disagreeable." Euthanasia is defined as "painless, peaceful death," and is a euphemism for *murder*. In the full and unqualified sense of the term, euthanasia does not imply the mere alleviation of suffering by a skillful use of drugs or otherwise. It means the deliberate dissolution of the vital union between body and soul, terminating a patient's mortal life without authorization from "the Lord of life and death," and the untimely ushering of that soul before its divine Judge. With that in mind, how could such a death be peaceful, or painless psychologically? Even though euthanasia be so legalized as to render it foolproof against greedy relatives, that angle of the matter is of secondary moment. You seem to be unconcerned about the most important of all considerations—its basic immorality.

Whether the abortion of an unborn infant or the euthanasia of an elderly invalid, unjustifiable killing is murder. Euthanasia is even more unjustifiable than abortion, inasmuch as an adult is answerable to God for many years of responsibility. The span of human life is the yardstick of opportunity. While there is life, there is hope—if need be—for repentance. It pertains solely to the Author of all created life to end the years of opportunity. Men who realize the unique sovereignty of the Almighty dare not arrogate to themselves so divine a prerogative by abbreviating another man's probation for eternity. As to the 379, the inference is clear!

From the Albany petition, we quote their creed: "We no longer believe that God wills the prolongation of physical torture for the benefit of the soul of the sufferer. For one enduring continual and severe pain from an incurable disease, who is a burden to himself and his family, surely life has no value. We believe that such a sufferer has the right to die . . . 'Blessed are the merciful.'" "No longer" implies that once upon a time they were of a different mind. But reliable faith and morals do not vacillate, any more than does the will of God. According to accepted usage, torture implies suffering which is positively and deliberately inflicted by one person upon another. To say that God permits suffering is one thing; to attribute torture to God is blasphemous!

"Blessed are the merciful"—when endeavoring to tempt Our Lord, even the devil quoted scripture. Oftentimes, the death of invalids can be regarded as a merciful release from poignant suffering, but to relieve suffering by death is an act of mercy reserved to Divine Providence. To consider chronic patients only as a burden to family or state is both stupid and cruel. Human ailments are a constant and providential challenge to medical science, stimulating research for means of relief and cure. The sick are an urgent occasion for the practice of Christlike charity. "As long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren, you did it to Me . . . Blessed are the merciful!" The words just quoted are from God's own revealed preview of Judgment Day.

From the viewpoint of the ailing individual, it must be

admitted that the sharing of suffering among the just and the wicked is a mystery. The designs of the God of Mercy are humanly unsearchable. During Old Testament times, Job was an outstanding example of "undeserved" suffering. His affliction as permitted by God was manifold, yet not to be compared with the recompense awarded him for his virtuous resignation. Despite Our Lady's personal innocence, Simeon's prophetic words were verified by the psychological martyrdom of Christ's Mother whose sufferings were so fruitful of world-wide and eternal good. Paul the Apostle revealed the mind of God when he declared: "That which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory." That suffering can redound to the benefit of one's own soul and even other souls is exemplified by all the stigmatists from the time of Francis of Assisi to the present day. Who suffered more, or more unjustly, yet more willingly than the Founder of Christianity, the Model of all martyrs and patients? Fathom that mystery of mercy, if you can! Every human life is a passion, culminating in death. Whoever has unquestioning faith has unwavering hope, and in this spirit can so dedicate his passion unto death as to render it sacred, in the spirit of the Crucified: "Joint heirs with Christ: yet so, if we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified with Him." Undiluted Christianity is legalized in heaven—not in Albany or any other capital on earth.

Unbaptized Happiness

Through no fault of mine, my baby died unbaptized. Does this mean that I shall never see him again?
H. MCG., PITTSBURGH, PA.

By no means! According to the revealed will of God, Baptism is indispensably necessary as a means of salvation. Salvation means beatitude or heaven in the supernatural sense of the term. It does not follow that eternal exile is the only other alternative. Those who die without having been spiritually regenerated are not entitled to heaven in its fullness. But there is no reason to think that a child, unbaptized yet personally innocent, may not spend eternity in the company of his beatified family. It must be remembered that heaven is a place as well as a state of well being for soul and body. Upon this earth, it is an everyday occurrence to find under the same roof many people who enjoy various types and degrees of happiness. It should be quite feasible that in heaven, too, children enjoy a beatitude similar to that of paradise. The more mature happiness of others would not detract from their own joy.

Class B Movies

Am I bound in conscience not to attend Class B movies?—X. Y. Z., BOSTON, MASS.

According to the classification of the Catholic Legion of Decency, "B" movies are objectionable in part, even for adults. It is not at all farfetched to say that moral harm can be occasioned by a few inches of cinematic film projected upon the screen within a matter of seconds. Whether such harm be a mere possibility, a probability, or a foregone development depends upon the objective picture coupled with the susceptibility of the individual. Occasions of sin can be, at times, quite relative—what would infatuate one person might disgust another. Hence, the problem of Class B movies cannot be smothered under a blanket solution.

To discuss the moral and immoral influence of movies is not much ado about little. The majority of Catholics are

among the millions who annually invest millions of dollars in this form of recreation. Catholic patronage or boycott can make a picture or break it, financially. Because of the impact of moral influence, the day is not far distant when television will be included under religious watchfulness, along with movies, comics, and so-called literature. Catholics do not relish restriction any more than non-Catholics, but both as a matter of principle and practice we appreciate rather than resent wholesome guidance and timely warning against poisonous relaxation. All men, women, and children who are morally sane would react in the same way toward a well-balanced censorship. Anyone acquainted with American history knows that the puritanical "blue laws" which have travestied our legislation are not Catholic either in origin or in spirit.

Except to morons, it should be obvious that, at least as often as not, the movies feature the sort of thing that is potentially harmful to the customers' moral life. Catholics realize that the human mind and heart are enfeebled as a consequence of original sin. Non-Catholics may not recognize the words as scriptural, but they do recognize the fact that "the eyes are the windows of the soul." Over the years, movies alternate between waves of improvement and deterioration. Concretely, deterioration bespeaks immodest costuming, conduct portrayal conducive to the sparking of highly inflammable passion, and or to the formation of fundamentally immoral viewpoints—such as "the easy way out" via theft, suicide, abortion, divorce, or the attainment of a good purpose by recourse to unlawful means.

In appraising the wholesomeness of a movie, Catholics should take their cue, not from newspaper ads or from garish billboards, but from the divinely appointed and enlightened shepherds of the flock. The Vicar of Christ has expressed his mind in a special encyclical on the subject. By way of the Legion of Decency, the bishops of the United States are crusading under His Holiness' leadership, in an endeavor to educate the Catholic conscience. Although this movement is as world-wide as the Church, the Supreme Pontiff has commended in a special way the co-operative response of American Catholics.

We are bound in conscience to have reasonable assurance, before going to a Class B movie, that, at least for ourselves as individuals, the particular "B" picture is harmless. Making all due allowance for the relativity of some occasions of sin, we must bear in mind that "Objectionable in Part" means "gravely objectionable" for a considerable number of persons. Furthermore, it is only too easy to give bad example by attending Class B movies—a caution that should be observed by parents especially. While the appointed censors are not infallible in their judgment, it can be reasonably presumed that their judgments are dependable. We should find out *why* a picture has been classified as gravely objectionable in part. The moral rating of all movies in circulation is listed weekly in our diocesan newspapers. When Class B pictures are listed for the first time, the reason for their restricted approval is specified. For the guidance of conscientious Catholics, the Legion should repeat the publication of such reasons as long as the given pictures are current.

In conclusion, we should bear in mind that freedom, in the safe and sane sense of the term, is the ability to choose freely—not whatever whim or unbalanced judgment may suggest, but whatever is good and best for us—according to the guidance of reason and faith. We can skate on thin ice, if we so wish, but that sort of independence is foolhardy. We can risk moral health and life, if we insist, but not with impunity. Our concept of reasonable independence is an index of our sanity and of the normality of our faith.

Miracles on the Decrease?

It seems to me that miracles are less numerous and spectacular nowadays than used to be the case. Does this indicate a lessening of God's interest in human affairs?—T. M., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Even though your impression as to the comparative number and striking character of modern miracles were true, it would not follow at all that God's interest in us of today has slackened. During the time of Our Lord's mortal career upon this earth, there were more than enough miracles to exemplify for all time His interest in the human family. But, even after His ascension to heaven, verifiable miracles have continued as a constant, unailing factor of divine propaganda—so much so that we have no reason to think that miracles will ever cease within the Church Militant.

The earliest records of the nascent Church are found embodied in the historical passages of the New Testament. Consistently to the present day, the annals of Christianity can be characterized as a history of the miraculous. You would reach an impressive total were you to compute those miracles only which have been duly attested as a divine endorsement for the beatification and canonization of the saints. That total would not include the additional miracles attributable to the intercession of those saints, both before beatification and after canonization. Nor should we overlook the well-authenticated miracles which are always "up to date," in settings such as Lourdes, Fatima, Montreal, Quebec.

As for miracles being spectacular, that is a superficial circumstance which has nothing to do with the essentials of a miracle. As a matter of fact, very few miracles in the history of this world, especially within the New Testament era, have been accentuated by the spectacular. The feature of a miracle that earmarks it as so remarkable is the accomplishment of something which bespeaks necessarily a divine efficiency. Experts in philosophy and theology recognize three grades or classes of miracles. Highest in the scale of the miraculous is the accomplishment of something which is altogether beyond the forces of nature, such as the resurrection of a corpse. Next in order is the type of wonder which takes place as an exception to the laws of nature—for example, suspension in mid-air despite the force of gravity. Finally, there is the miracle typified by cures which nature might effect gradually and under favorable circumstances, but which are wrought instantly and despite circumstances that are naturally unfavorable.

In the sense explained above, some miracles are more remarkable than others. But, in another sense, all miracles are equally wonderful, for even the least of miracles postulates divine efficiency as much as the greatest. No being other than God can qualify as the capable author of a true miracle, for only He is the supremely free being, upon whom alone depends the application of the laws of nature, which are necessary only on the supposition that He so wills. No human or angelic agent could possibly enjoy such efficiency. Hence, any and every miracle is of God and is a sure token of divine intervention in our behalf. When we ascribe miracles to a saint or to a relic, we do so in a very limited and thoroughly understood sense. If God see fit, there is no reason why He may not utilize some created agent as His instrument, imparting to it momentarily a divine efficiency, somewhat in the way that we share our own efficiency with a fountain pen or a scissors. We recommend that you invest in a diocesan newspaper and keep abreast of the history of the Church as it is unfolded week after week. You will notice no scarcity of impressive miracles. "The hand of the Lord is not shortened."

LIAM was not by nature a silent man, but in Nora's presence words failed him. Now it was too late to speak—for Barney Burke had returned to claim his own

by ALICE LAVERICK

ILLUSTRATED BY
PAUL KINNEAR

THE NAMES

BARNEY BURKE arrived a fortnight earlier than we were expecting him. Which gave my mother no time whatever to prepare the feast of welcome she had in mind, and for the moment cast a bit of a shadow over her joy at his coming.

And I, myself, had I been aware of the main reason for the visit, should not have been so pleased at sight of my foster brother. But I had not the least notion of his intentions.

I was coming up from the stable at the time, swinging along, pipe in mouth, looking up now and then at the quick-changing beauty of the sky. And the thought was with me, I remember, that twenty-eight was a good age for a man like myself to be considering marriage.

And one of the younger lads—and I think it was Peter—called out to me that Barney had come. So I hastened my steps and there he was. Standing in the dooryard and grinning at me.

"If my memory serves me right," he said, "you would be The O'Sullivan." And then, "Ah, Liam, man, but it's good to see you. Seven years and more since last I laid eyes on the dark face of you."

His voice was a bit unsteady, and, as for myself, I could not speak for the memories of the old days that were on me.

A fine-looking man he'd become, Barney Burke, at one-and-thirty. And America and prosperity had done him no harm. I could see that at a glance.

I found my tongue at last and shouted a welcome at him, and then we were shaking one another by the hand, and the two young lads were having a time

of it keeping the dogs from jumping all over us.

"And Barney," said I, after we'd exchanged a few thumps, "has no one offered you a drink at all, in token of this great occasion? Come along then, and let me do the honors."

"Now that you mention it," Barney said, "I do feel a sudden power of thirst on me. Ah, there's nothing like the sweet Kerry air," he added, drawing deep breaths as we made for the house.

"Nothing like it," I agreed, "so why not come back here where you belong and breathe it again?"

But he said no, Boston was his home now, with his wife and child, and would be till the day they put him into the ground.

"It's treated you well, I will say that," I admitted.

Then we were inside and my mother was greeting him with Gaelic endearments, lamenting over the fact that he hadn't let her know in time to kill the fatted calf, or, at the very least, a goose.

"I had the sudden opportunity to get away, woman dear," he told her, "and whatever you lay before me will be fit for a king."

At that she embraced him again and asked if he wouldn't have himself a drink of milk fresh from the beast.

"He would not," I spoke up. "He'll have something more bracing. Give the milk to Peter and Jamesy." A suggestion not too well taken by the lads, Peter in particular looking very morose. Or continuing to do so, now that I thought of it. A matter I'd be looking into later.

My mother hovered over Barney. see-



ing to it that he had the best chair by the fireside, and I poured the good Irish whisky into the glasses.

"*Sldinte!*" Barney raised his glass and saluted me.

"*Sldinte agat!*" said I, saluting him in turn.

"And who's this coming in now?" He got to his feet again. "In God's name, don't tell me this is my young sister Nora?"

It was, of course, Nora. Who else would it be?

There were more cries of joy, and then she and my mother were crooning over the pictures of Barney's wife and baby.

"This makes me feel ancient," Barney complained, still gaping at her. "Peter and Jamesy both pushing twenty—and now Nora—a beauty, no less. Such changes."

"I say changes to you." My mother sighed. "Three of my fine lads lying in foreign graves, my man gone . . ."

"And young Thomas at the Monastery, dear heart, don't forget. Isn't that a grand thing, Barney?" Nora put in quickly. And Barney said it was. A grand thing, entirely.

He spoke to me then of the farm.

"The young lads tell me you've done wonders on the place," said he.

"Little enough I could have done without your help," I told him.

"Aye, little enough," my mother agreed. "The money you sent over was a great blessing, Barney, a *chroidhe*."

Barney scorned all mention of money. It was nothing, he said. "Nothing at all, in return for what you've done for the lot of us throughout the years, woman dear."

IS THE THING



His electric torch caught the sprawling figure in its glare



*And there was Nora,
serving deftly. As
she did everything*

"Ah, that was only the extra potatoes and porridge and prayers we'd be having left over, anyway," said I, seeing my mother was not far from tears.

But she had no notion of laughing at my crude joke.

"*Airíú*, and why shouldn't I do for My Own?" she cried. "If only they were here now, himself and my nine!"

She was fond of saying that, was my mother, that she'd had nine children. But, in truth, only the five of us were O'Sullivan's. The other four were the offspring of widower Dan Burke, whose lifeless body had been washed ashore at the base of a cliff on Inishmore, of a bleak winter's day nearly twenty years before.

There had been many a one in Kerry who would have given a home to a little Burke or two at the time of the drowning. But my mother wouldn't hear of it. Bad enough to be orphans, she'd declared, without being parted from one another. She'd take the brood and let that be the end of it.

And so it was.

Barely the ripple it had made in our lives. Little change save for sleeping three in a bed instead of two, and thereafter being known all over the county as the O'Sullivan's or the Burkes, whichever name sprang to mind first.

"I was an O'Sullivan for the most part," Barney recalled now. "Do you mind the day, Liam, when we stoned old Casey's pig and hid in the loft? He kept screeching, 'Barney O'Sullivan, come down out of that or I'll have the law on yel!'"

"Aye, the way we tormented the poor soul," said I. He always called me 'young Burke,' now that you speak of it, and told me I was the spit an' image of my father that got drowned at sea and a disgrace to his memory, whatever."

My mother was properly horrified at these revelations. A good thing entirely she hadn't known at the time.

"Or you would have had Father take action with a blackthorn, I don't doubt," I said dryly, and there was a great shout from Barney. For my Father, as bad a hand as anyone at confusing the issue, had never so much as raised his voice at us.

"**M**IND your mother now," was the most we'd ever had from him, and that without so much as a glance up from his paper.

"The worst disciplinarian and the gentlest man that ever breathed, Seamus O'Sullivan, God rest him," Barney paid tribute now, and my mother said, "Amen."

"But this one," Barney was looking again at Nora, "the way she's changed since the days the pair of us used to run and hide from her! All eyes and thin as a rat she was, with wild hair flying in all directions. And will you look at her now?"

"Aye," said I briefly, "her eyes fit her face now." And I rose and poured more whisky with a perfectly steady hand. And why I did not choke on this stupendous and altogether outrageous understatement, I do not know.

Dimly, as Nora went to see to the

table, I heard my mother's voice proudly listing the girl's accomplishments for Barney. Honors she'd taken at the convent, honors in everything. She could play the piano and sing like an angel, aye, she had the same glorious voice as her mother before her.

The grand horsewoman she was. So she was. She could have held her own with any of them in the show ring in Dublin. I could have told him.

For we rode often together, Nora Burke and myself. Nora Burke and her foster brother, Liam O'Sullivan, riding homeward side by side in the waning twilight of many a soft day, with maybe a brace or two of teal and mallard slung across the saddles. A familiar sight on the countryside this past year.

"She sits a horse well, your young sister," only yesterday old Kerrisey at the Inn had said to me. And was truly mystified, and small wonder, at the sudden irritation in my voice.

"She is not my sister!"

"What's that? Ah, no. 'Twas her father, Dan Burke, poor soul, that got drowned at sea, wasn't it? Yes, yes, I was forgetting."

And Nora? Was she forgetting? Was I, in her mind, still the older brother who'd fled from her childish pursuing? I didn't know, and, the devil of it was, I had not the courage to find out.

I sat there unstirring, like a man of wood, my eyes on the fire, half listening to the others, until Nora came to announce that supper was ready.

We gathered about the table, the half dozen of us. A fair showing of Burkes and O'Sullivan's. Three of each.

There was Peter Burke, still brooding over his secret woe, which I had not yet had the time to look into. There was Jamesy O'Sullivan, throwing bits of food to the dogs, for once unchided. There was my mother, radiant, taking pleasure in Barney's praise of her cooking, his amused appreciation of her every word.

And there was Nora, serving deftly. As she did everything.

"Another slice of beef, Liam?"

"Thank you, Nora."

Ah, the grace of her hands, as she passed me my plate. The mad desire to bend over and kiss them suddenly, those hands, almost overpowered me. The wish to murmur in her ear, "Nora, a *stóir*, my heart's darling, can't you see how it is with me?"

I was possessed with the longing to fling myself onto my feet and shout, "Listen, all of you, I want her for my wife. But I can't find the words nor the courage to tell her so. Though, mind, until I came home from the wars and grew tongue-tied in her lovely presence, I'd flattered myself I was quite a lad with the ladies."

Of course, I said nothing—did nothing—of the kind. My mind dwelt on the sensation, the shock I should arouse there at the table in the event of my making such a reckless fool of myself.

And thus I mused, even while we spoke of Ireland and the Russians, and Nora's new mare, Lady Meg, and the contracting business in Boston.

The meal progressed. Peter sulked. Jamesy threw bits to the dogs, my mother and Barney retold family jokes out of the past with much laughter. Nora saw to the serving.

"Tea, Liam?"

"Thank you, Nora."

And after all, it was Barney who spoke and caused the sensation, and myself who received the shock.

"I've orders from Julie," said he, "not to dare return to Boston without Nora. 'Bring Nora back to me,' were her last words when I was leaving."

Aye, it was myself who received the shock. And amid the eager tumult that followed, the power of words on them all, I alone sat speechless. Even Peter came out of his sulks and professed interest, while my mother nobly and with seeming enthusiasm urged the girl to go, without so much as a quiver in her voice, and with her blessing.

Whatever possessed the woman. Was she mad? Could she not visualize the poor bereft mortals we'd be, the lot of us, without Nora? Desolate, empty—the lot of us, and the place itself.

And Nora?

"Ah, Barney Burke, you're joking," she was saying, her breath coming a little quick, the eyes of her wider than ever, the deep gray-green eyes like the sea itself after a storm.

She wanted to go. That was plain to be seen. She wanted to leave us.

And why not? Natural enough it was that she'd be wanting to take the grand journey across the water to be with her brother in his fine house, with his wife and son. Any girl would feel the same.

Barney was speaking now, assuring her he was not joking.

"Those were my strict orders," he said. "And who knows? We might be finding you a rich husband over there, a *mhic*."

"The man that gets Nora will be the lucky one," said my mother, "be he rich or poor."

The lucky one. Now wasn't that the mild way of putting it.

It was time I spoke up and added a word of my own. And, by the holy grace of the martyred saints of Ireland, I was given the power of speech again.

"An occasion like this calls for a toast, surely," I heard my own voice saying. And then, in sudden wrath that shamed me later to recall, I turned on young Jamesy.

ALICE LAVERICK, native of Massachusetts, studied to become an illustrator but abandoned her chosen career for marriage and the raising of three daughters. This is her third appearance in "The Sign."

"Confound it," I said, "will you stop feeding those creatures, you dumb block-head? Take them outside. Go along, out with you!"

I think we toasted Nora then. And Ireland, and Boston, and the trip, and Julie, and God knows what. I don't remember clearly.

Barney said it was a great evening entirely, and perhaps it was. It is not for me to say. I was only there in body.

It was very late when it came to me that young Peter was missing from among us, and that he'd been gone for some time. So, leaving Barney and the ladies still in the midst of their good-night felicitations, I went to see where the lad had got to.

I was not long finding him. In the kitchen he was, standing in the doorway.

"SO it's here you are," I said, relieved at seeing him safe and inside. But my relief turned to uneasiness when I saw the look of him, the white face, the staring eyes.

"What is it?" I asked. "Speak, lad, speak."

"Liam," he said hoarsely, "I think I've—killed a man." And he staggered forward and fell into a chair.

The blood fair froze in my veins, icy fingers seemed to be throttling me. Inwardly, I was cursing myself for not having looked into this before. Hadn't I known all evening the lad had something troubling him?

"Easy, now, easy," said I. "Get hold of yourself."

I could still hear the laughter and the talk from the foot of the stairs where the others had gathered. Making sure

that the doors between the rooms were latched, I came back to young Peter.

He was in a bad way, and small wonder. Shivering he was, as if the ague was on him. So I poured out a stiff swig of whisky from the jug and put it into his shaking hand.

"Here, take that," I ordered. "Now, what's it all about? Get on with it. What man is this?"

He choked and spluttered, as the drink went down his throat.

"He's dead, Liam," I could barely hear the voice, the ragged whisper. "Out there by the byre."

"Who is? Will you give a name to him?"

"Jakey Kerrigan." The words came out of him with a jerk, and his head went down onto the table.

Fury caught me up then, and I spoke harshly.

"Kerrigan! In God's name, what dealings did you have with the likes of him, after all I've told you?"

I had the time then, getting it out of him. But he finally broke down. He owed Kerrigan gambling money, he said, and the black-throated villain had come threatening him.

"He told me he'd give me till tonight. I couldn't get it." The young voice was thick with misery. "I was going to tell him I'd work it out somehow. But he came at me with a club, and I up and slugged him. I didn't know he'd go over so easy, Liam, I didn't so. He hit his head against the big rock and he's dead, I tell you."

"You young fool!" I roared. "Why didn't you ask me for the money?"

"You'd have blasted me out—I didn't dare."

Aye, so I would have. Blasted the devil out of him, I would have.

"I'll take you apart with my bare hands," I'd told him, "if you go next or near that blackguard again!"

Greek to Him

► A large export house was seeking a representative for its South American office, and a company official was interviewing the young man who had applied for the position. To test the candidate's proficiency in Spanish, the prospective employer summoned a Spanish-speaking member of the firm. The young man was delighted when the interpreter expressed complete satisfaction with his Spanish, but he was chagrined to hear the official say:

"Now, let's hear some Portuguese."

Turning to the interpreter, he confessed in Spanish to a total ignorance of Portuguese.

"I can't speak Portuguese, either," the interpreter admitted sheepishly in Spanish.

Then, to their astonishment, the company official interrupted with a delighted, "Excellent, young man. The job is yours!"

—Leo Fuller



Ah, it was myself had driven the poor lad to this, because he had feared my wrath. A fine mess it was, to be sure. And my fault entirely.

The shivering on him was worse now. I poured out another drink, striving to make my voice casual.

"Here, take this," said I. "Then go along up the back stairs to bed. Try to sleep and forget it; at worst it was an accident. I'll see what's to be done. Maybe he's not dead at all."

I watched him stumble up the stairs. Wretched and pitiful he was, and so young. If my mother could have seen him she would have been stricken. Peter Burke, her beloved youngest.

I went out, taking my lantern, out to where the dark heap lay motionless. From the marrow of my bones I felt a hideous distaste for even a sight of this man. Alive, I'd had no use for the wretched, cheating whelp. Dead, it looked as if he'd be the making of trouble for us all.

I heard the house door close just then, and a moment later Barney stood beside me.

"Ha, Liam, man, what devilry are you up to?" he wanted to know.

Then he saw the thing at my feet and he started.

"For the love of Saint Kevin, what have we here?"

"It could be a dead man," I said, tonelessly.

Barney stooped over, and his electric torch caught the sprawling figure in its glare.

"How did it happen, did you say?" He eyed me, frowning.

"I didn't say. We had a bit of an argument, and one thing followed another."

"I take leave to doubt it," he said dryly.

And I let it go at that. Could I tell him that his young brother, left in my care, had done this? Especially with the guilty knowledge that I had driven the lad to do the deed?

"He's breathing," Barney said now. "I think myself it's only stunned he is." Dear God, I thought, let it be so. Let it be so.

I considered the situation.

"My mother's gone up, has she?" I asked.

"Aye, herself and Nora."

"Give me a hand, then. We'll bring him in and lay him on the couch in the kitchen and get O'Leary to come over and give him a look."

The brute was like a sack of barley and strained our muscles somewhat, though neither Barney nor myself was what you'd call a puny man.

We made no great noise nor com-

motion, yet, as we were about to lower his bulk onto the couch, my mother's voice came in a whisper from the dimness of the stairway.

"Whisht!" she said. "Bring him up and lay him on the bed." And led the way with a candle, as cool as if every night or so we carried an unconscious man into the house.

Barney stretched a glance at me, and there was a bit of a grin on him still, as we laid the man onto the bed.

"Get Jamesy to ride over and bring Doctor O'Leary," said my mother.

Not a word, not a question. No "Who is it?" nor "How did it happen?"

What a woman—what a woman she was!

"The both of you go down by the hearth fire and wait," she said. "There's nothing to do till the doctor comes. And I can be saying my decade here as well as anywhere."

We might have been ten again Barney and myself, as we meekly obeyed. Down the stairs we went and into the sitting room, striving for quiet so as not to arouse Nora.

But there was no need for our precaution, for we found her in the room already. Sitting on a low stool, she was, by the dying fire, chin in hands, gazing into the graying embers.

And somehow, huddled there with the dark shadows on her face, the thought came to me that so she would

► Woman is like the reed, which bends to every breeze but breaks not in the tempest. —WHATELY

look when she was an old lady. And where but here by my hearth side should she be sitting when that time came? And where would she be? Where at all?

She did not speak nor look up, as we entered, and neither one of us made any attempt to intrude upon her thoughts.

Barney was asking me about Peter now.

"Where did the lad get to?" he wanted to know. "I never did bid him good night."

"He went to bed," I told him. "Tired out he was, and I advised him to go."

I threw a log on the fire, and picking up my mother's shawl, I laid it across Nora's bent shoulders. She did not stir.

Barney lit a cigar and I took my pipe out and there was a short silence among us. Then I cleared my throat.

"Barney," said I, "speaking of Peter, would you have a thought on taking him with you? He's always done well

at the books, and to my way of thinking he has the makings of a good lawyer in him. But he'll never be a farmer—never in God's world."

"Is that the way it is?" Barney mused on that, smoking his cigar and staring into space. "So? I never knew that. I'd be glad to take the lad. It was only that I thought you needed him."

"He should be doing what he's best fit for," I said, "and what he likes. Jamesy likes the work, and we can manage." And after another short silence, "You'll be leaving in a day or so?"

"That will be depending," said Barney. "You don't for one minute think I'd go off and leave you in the midst of this?"

"Ah, this mess will clear up," I said airily. "And there's no need for you to get mixed up in it at all."

"Nor you," Nora's low clear voice sounded now for the first time, startling the pair of us.

"I saw him," she said. "I went in and looked at him. Sound asleep he was, and his hand on top of the bed clothes, all bruised—as if—he'd hit someone. And I know he did. You had no more to do with it, Liam O'Sullivan, than myself."

"Who's this you're speaking of?" Barney wanted to know. "Peter?"

"Aye," she told him, "Peter."

"I thought as much," said Barney briefly.

I lit my pipe and flung the match into the fire.

"I had more to do with it than you know," I said. "But leave that aside for the moment. This changes nothing. All the more he needs to get away, so that one can't bedevil him again."

"If this man dies," Barney began, "whoever he is . . ."

So I told him then. That the man was as rotten crooked a gambler as ever they come, and picked on the young and green ones because no one else would have a thing to do with him.

"Still," said Barney, "there may be trouble over it."

"Kerrigan took a poke at Peter and the lad got his in first," said I, "and that's the truth. An accident, when you come right down to it."

WE talked it over, sitting by the fire, the distant sound of the sea and the wind in our ears, and the eternal night wore away, somehow. Three times Nora made us tea and we kept the fire up, and at last Doctor O'Leary arrived.

And after another wait, my mother

came down to tell us that Kerrigan was not going to die.

Nothing but a slight concussion, said O'Leary, coming in behind her. And the stupor of him induced more by liquor than by the bit injury to the thick Irish skull of him. And a good thing O'Leary hadn't known who it was or he would not have stirred a step.

"Speaking of drunken stupors, Doctor," said I, "will you have a drop with us?"

"I will, indeed," said the doctor. And after two good ones, he departed, a bit more genial.

And then it was, when the danger was over, that my mother burst into great weeping and lamentations. They'd take herself away to the jailhouse, she wailed, before she let them incarcerate her boy, her youngest.

And we had a time of it soothing her.

But after all, Peter was not going to jail. He was going to America for himself, though Kerrigan was threatening he'd get even with the lot of us.

Barney was for riding the wretch out on a rail, and there were others who were of the same mind. We heard rumors also of certain representatives of the law who were fair itching to lay hands on Kerrigan.

In the end, he must have got wind of the general heat, for he disappeared to God knows where.

In spite of the swift passage of the Kerrigan blight, however, Barney decided to stay with us another week. My mother was loath to part with him, and with her youngest, though I heard nothing at all of what she felt about losing Nora.

But the week was not long going. And though I told myself that, what with the house and the land, I was more than fortunate, already I felt myself a lonely man and forlorn.

For Nora had agreed to go with Barney. Up to the last day, I had been in hopes that she was not really meaning it. But she was. And the day was upon us.

A dull gray morning it was. They breakfasted early, the rest of them, so that I came in from my round of the farm to find myself eating alone.

My mother brought me a platter of bacon and eggs and some fresh tea, as I sat there glooming. And she mentioned the gray day and this and that.

And then she fair startled me with her next words.

"So you're going to let her go, are you?" Her voice was quiet, as she poured my tea into the cup.

I very nearly choked on a bite.

"Let her go? In God's name," said I, "what can I do to stop her?"

"One word from you would be the

"THE EYES OF THE LORD ARE ON THE JUST"

by MARY FARLEY

*If Magdalene had been of negroid brow
Would Christ have looked on her with scorn?
No, not my Lord
He suffered for the dark-skinned too
Each lash; Each thorn.*

*And if a dark Veronica had offered Him a veil
Would He have left it bare?
No, not my Lord
He weighs not color, but the soul
And goodness there.*

*And when the Host is raised by hands of black
Does Heaven hesitate and not adore?
No, well it knows
A priest, though dark, has changed the bread
And God is here as once before.*

stopping of her. One word. Och, Liam," she said, "how can a son of mine be so dense?"

And she went off, leaving me staring after her like a lunatic, my throat dry and numb.

The appetite in me was gone now. I pushed back my chair and rose and took myself out to stand by the car. The bags were being stowed inside the trunk by Barney, assisted by Jamesy and Peter, when they were not racketing around with the dogs, and my mother was standing by also, offering suggestions.

And then Nora appeared. Like a lady of fashion, she looked, as she came out the door in her fine wool suit, the jaunty feather in her hat.

SHE went to my mother and they embraced wordlessly, a long embrace, before Nora walked on to the car. Very busy she was, pulling on her gloves and looking at no one, passing myself as if I were not there at all.

"We have not much time, have we, Barney? We don't want to miss the boat," said she in her clear, lovely voice.

And I could no longer hold my tongue nor conceal my wretchedness.

"Don't, Nora," I spoke low in her ear, "Don't go."

She gave me a look of surprise and then she laughed, a little, quick laugh.

"Airiú, now, haven't you heard, Liam, darling?" she said softly. "This is the exodus of the Burkes. And high time, too, say I, that the O'Sullivans were left to themselves on their own place."

She laughed again. I had never heard her laugh like that before. It struck me it had a queer sort of sound to it, that laugh.

"You'll be taking good care of Lady

Meg for me, won't you, Liam?" she went on, getting into the car. "And make sure Jamesy takes Bliss to the vet's next week to see to that paw." And I was not to let my mother work too hard, she told me, nor forget to let her know how the lilies did in the corner garden. And I might be giving herself a thought when next I went into the bog after snipe.

The wonder of it. That she could speak so lightly of these things. Tossing off Lady Meg and Bliss as if they meant little or nothing to her. And could she not see that my mother was growing old, she'd be needing her? And myself—I was not so old, but I was needing her, how I was needing her.

"Nora," I said, suddenly desperate, and stern in my desperation, "Nora, I won't let you go. I won't let you leave me, do you hear?"

She sat very still, the smile leaving her lips, and she raised her eyes to mine at last.

"There's one way, Liam," she said low, "one way I could be staying."

"Then for the love of Saint Kevin and all the martyred saints in heaven, tell me!"

"I could stay if—my name was O'Sullivan, too," barely she whispered it.

And light suddenly burst into my dark brain, so suddenly that I was fair reeling with the bright glory of it.

"Nora—you're meaning . . .?"

"Must I put it into words, Mr. Liam O'Sullivan?"

"Nora, a riin, my heart's treasure," said I, "get out of that car this instant. No, wait, I'll take you out myself."

I swung her from the car to the ground and held her close, while the others gathered about, and we were enclosed in a circle of excited people and barking dogs.

And not heeding—nor caring.

The Children of PEACE

American Catholics have a duty of charity
to the brethren of Christ and a duty of justice to the
victims of the atrocity of Potsdam

by
EILEEN EGAN

A LITTLE girl of eleven, living in an almost completely destroyed town on the battered continent of Europe, wrote to thank the American Catholics whose gifts of food and clothing had helped her family survive the terrible days of winter.

"The food," she related, "helped my father get stronger, but he must still stay in bed because he coughs. My mother works for all of us. My little brother walks with me to school. It is seven kilometers from our house.

"My mother says to tell you that what we need most of all is shoes for my little brother and me. Alois is eight years old. If you can send them, we will be most glad and grateful. But, if you cannot send them, we will understand. When we walk on the roads covered with ice and snow, and we suffer a bit, we will offer it up for your intention.

"My mother reminds us to pray for the American Catholics every day. You have been so good to us."

The spectacle of two little children walking along an icy road in torn bits of shoes, or with little feet wrapped in canvas or burlap, while offering up the sufferings of their little bodies for the Catholics of America, may seem far-fetched to us.

Though the Marshall Plan is accomplishing wonders in the realm of bolstering up weak currencies and strengthening national economies for future productivity, it does not immediately touch the lives of ordinary people with the supplies they desperately need. It does not put into the hands of private organizations of service, such as Catholic Charities in foreign lands, the food and clothing and medicines that destitute families call out for in the extremity of their need.

Let us go back to the little girl who wrote the letter of thanks. Her family is rather typical. Her father, succumbing to the rigors of war service and a hungry peace, fell ill with tuberculosis. The mother uses all her strength to eke

out a livelihood for the family of four. They live in a makeshift house pieced together by the father over the partial remains of their bomb-shattered little home.

This little girl, walking hand in hand with her younger brother over the icy roads of winter, is privileged above countless other innocent little victims of war in Europe. She and her brother tread the seven kilometers with their feet snugly shod in American-made shoes. Their plea was answered through the generosity of Catholic Americans.

Local Catholic Charities, or Caritas, also help the father of this suffering little family. He gets extra foods, unobtainable in a time of general scarcity.

WAR Relief Services-National Catholic Welfare Conference, which sends supplies to the war-devastated areas of the world, is the official agency of the bishops of the United States for relief abroad. Through the annual collection on Laetare Sunday and through collections of food and clothing, 250,000,000 pounds of food, medicines, and usable clothes have already been shipped to such countries as Poland, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Philippines, and the Far East.

Most of these supplies were sent to meet the needs of children and were distributed on the basis of the greatest

need, without reference to race or creed or other factors. Local Catholic Charities agencies, using the selfless and unpaid labor of countless nuns and priests as well as thousands of lay volunteers, gave out the precious gifts. Little more than 1 per cent of all funds collected went into administration expenses, because of the fact that so much time and work are donated.

Countless hours of volunteer time are also donated in the United States, particularly at the time of collections of canned food, when parish workers pack and ship millions of pounds of life-giving foods.

Notable in volunteer effort is the "Children in Need" Collection of the Catholic Women of America, conducted through the National Council of Catholic Women, a federation of national and local organizations. More than 6,000,000 new and used children's garments have reached infants and children in many lands through this continuous campaign.

In Poland alone, there are more than a million orphans and half orphans as a result of the war. The care of many of these little ones falls to Caritas. The need is always greater than the flow of supplies. Shoes for Poland's children are among the items most badly needed. An American visitor who came to a town in a section of the Polish country-



side, battered, and battered again, by the passing and repassing of armies, noted that out of nearly a hundred children only four had shoes. The others were barefoot or had makeshift canvas wrappings. The school, incidentally, had no heat.

In the French zone of Germany, I had occasion to discuss the health of the children in the large city of Freiburg with the local children's doctor. The actual daily ration, even supplemented by school feeding with the help of American and Swiss voluntary gifts, was dangerously low for the maintenance of normal health and growth. I needed no further proof of this when I saw the makeshift Children's Tuberculosis Sanatorium on a hilltop just outside the city. It was crowded to the doors with wan little boys and girls. Devoted doctors and nurses had converted a large private home into a passable hospital, but they could not find enough basic foods to assure the recovery of the sad little group. After I had visited every room, a doctor told me which cases were already "too late for any remedy."

IN the three Western zones of Germany and in the parts of Austria under the control of the Western Allies live close to 150,000 child exiles, along with their parents and relatives. These are the displaced children, who for close to four years have known no other home than a DP camp. These little children, as are their parents, are in the main a challenge to Catholics, since by far the majority of them belong to the Catholic faith. Since the United States has adopted legislation admitting 200,000 displaced persons, adequate funds must be on hand to carry out one of the largest co-ordinated relief projects that the Catholic Church in America has ever undertaken.

Wherever I went in the British and American zones of Germany, I saw the little settlements of families who have been expelled from Czechoslovakia, from Silesia, and from other parts of eastern Europe since the war ended. Americans have read very little in their newspapers or magazines, nor have they seen in their newsreels, anything of the greatest mass expulsion of human beings in history—greater even than Hitler's record in this regard. At Potsdam it was decided to rid eastern Europe of all German-speaking minority groups, even if these groups had settled in the areas centuries before. Many of these minorities had counted among their number traitors to the nations that harbored them. Most of the people concerned, however, were productive farming folk

and skilled artisans who lived their lives without much attention to world movements or politics.

In line with the Potsdam agreement, all of these groups were expelled in conditions of inhumanity that have blighted our peace. Individual guilt was not investigated nor prosecuted. Men, women, and children were placed on cattle cars with a few remnants of their possessions and sent off into a night of exile. Others were despoiled of their homes and driven like cattle into the roads and across the nearest frontier. In addition to this, parts of Germany were given over to the control of the Russian and Polish regimes. Immediately, those inhabitants who had not fled were driven away into the destroyed towns and villages of a Germany reduced in size and productive power; a Germany where 7,500,000 people were already made homeless as a result of bombing raids.

Among these "guilty warmongers and traitors" were millions upon millions of children. These were the little ones I saw living with their parents, or with one parent, or under the care of exiled nuns in abandoned barracks, in half-destroyed hotels, in converted pigsties, all over Germany. Near Munich is such a settlement of people, driven from the Sudetenland of Czechoslovakia. Their homes are abandoned railroad cars and draughty wooden barracks. Some of them have made stoves for themselves; others I saw cooking their evening meal outdoors, using castoff tin cans, pots, and pans.

One of the inhabitants of this desolate spot was a little mother and her brood of five. Her husband had been drafted for the German army. He had

last written his wife a letter from a slave labor camp somewhere in Russia. Now there was only silence.

One day, the Czech regime ordered her out and placed the whole family on a cattle car, among hundreds of other "expellees." The next stop was bombed Munich, and life in an old barracks. Three of her children were tubercular, she told me. There was no extra food for them, no medicine, no sanatorium beds. We, the well-fed visitors from America, looked at the five children lined up smiling shyly before us. We knew how they lived—sleeping close together in the one half of a room that was assigned to the tragic little family. No one has studied the incidence of TB in the camps for expellees that dot the landscape of Germany and Austria like plague spots for the future. But these five, doomed little children of peace that stood before us, and smiled so eagerly at the chocolate from America, are typical of so many other little ones, wounded so grievously in spirit and in body.

Since the Holy Father made his heartbreaking talk to the war-maimed children of Italy, and since the picture of little Italo Renzetti has appeared in picture magazines (reading a Braille book with his tongue because war took away his hands and the sight from his eyes), we in America have become more conscious that the marks of war may last forever on innocent bodies—forever, that is by our time standards.

MORE than 10,000 war-maimed children must be cared for in Italy. Devoted nuns, like those who give love and care to little Italo Renzetti, give the same boundless love to the other innocent victims who are trained for whatever activity they may be capable of performing. It is to such as these that the clothing, food, and medicines of American Catholics are channeled through War Relief Services—NCWC.

We Catholics in America have a glorious duty—a duty that should make our hearts cry out in joy and gratitude. By our gifts of love, of salves to heal their wounds, of bread to ease their hunger, of covering for their little bodies, we can show to the children of peace the face of love; we can help to uncover for them Christ's face.

Laetare Sunday, the twenty-seventh of March, has been set aside by the Bishops of the United States for this offering of love on the part of American Catholics. The appeal will come to each of us through our own parish. Let us join to make a corporate gift of love that matches in some way the immensity of the need of our day.



Little children have been hungry every day of their lives

Bing Crosby frees a lovely prisoner (Rhonda Fleming) in "A Connecticut Yankee"

Stage and Screen

by JERRY COTTER

The Screen and Religion

Our self-labeled liberals and intellectuals have missed the boat so often one would think they might occasionally suffer the pangs of doubt and the torments of embarrassment. To judge by a recent statement from a representative group, calling for less screen emphasis on religious themes, such is definitely not the case.

Fortunately, their plaintive cries for "realism" and "the liberal approach to modern problems" received scant attention in the press and, we trust, in Hollywood. If anything, the need is for more, many more motion pictures with spiritual themes, religious slants, and a greater acknowledgement of the dangers in concentration on matters of the flesh.

We have seen how entertaining such an approach can be in the Leo McCarey classics, *Going My Way* and *The Bells of St. Mary's*; how beautifully inspiring the screen is when it treats of saintly heroism in *Monsieur Vincent*; how timely and forceful the camera becomes when it focuses on the contemporary tragedy of a *Monte Cassino*, and how striking its power for the humanitarian cause when it lashes out against intolerance, greed, and corruption.

The need of the hour is not less religion on the screen or any place else. There can be no greater assignment for the motion picture than the appeasement of mankind's current hunger for hope and for faith.

That is one reason why *Joan of Arc* looms so importantly on the scene. A great motion picture, a beautiful tribute, but even more it becomes a symbol and an example of what can be accomplished through the power of the screen. Despite all the sneers (and there have been many) of the critical gentry, despite the physical heckling of the Communist groups during its Broadway run, despite the apparent reluctance of the producers to stress its Catholic nature, the picture is a heartening success.

But the sad fact remains that Catholic groups and individuals do not support the movies and plays they should.



It is all well and good to come out strongly against the trashy comedies and the gross materialism of many movies. Unless we are equally alert and enthusiastic about supporting the worthwhile releases, then we are wasting our time.

Reviews In Brief

Director John Farrow handles the macabre fantasies of *ALIAS NICK BEALE* in stirring style. A timely melodrama with provocative angles, it accomplishes the dual purpose of entertaining and supplying a mental stimulus. The 1949 world gives too little thought to the machinations of Lucifer and his legions of evil. In this study of an ambitious politician, we see the result of his impact in one tiny area of the

As "A Connecticut Yankee," Bing Crosby is awed by the glamour of Rhonda Fleming and King Arthur's Court



THE SIGN

world. A conscientious district attorney makes a deal with a sinister, mysterious figure he meets in a dingy, water-front café. From that point on, material matters resolve in his favor until he finds himself in the Governor's chair.

The price of the "coalition" comes high, however, and he attempts to break with the forces of evil. Cleverly developed, without any shading of humor or conventional romanticism, this eerie problem play strikes home too often to be dismissed as a figment of some writer's imagination. There is a lesson and a warning in it for those among us who would bargain with evil. Without being the perfect exposition, this provocative drama does hit the target. Thomas Mitchell is outstanding as the deluded politico, and Ray Milland makes his presence count as Lucifer. Geraldine Wall, Audrey Totter, Henry O'Neill, and George Macready comprise the exceptionally fine supporting cast in this modern legend designed solely for adult audiences. (Paramount)

Oscar Wilde's satiric study of manners and morals in the Victorian era has been given a new title, a modern adaptation, and a sparkling performance in *THE FAN*. Though Lady Windermere no longer figures in the title, she is still the plot pivot for this echo of a day when the drawing room comedy was *de rigueur* for playwrights. Wilde's witty dialogue, cutting characterizations, and biting commentary on the social twitterings of his time still make sprightly adult *divertissement*. Filmed with a flourish, this version gets an additional lift from the eminently satisfactory acting of Madeleine Carroll, Richard Greene, Martita Hunt, Jeanne Crain, and George Sanders. (20th Century-Fox)

Bing Crosby turns the clock back a few centuries with his customary nonchalance in *A CONNECTICUT YANKEE*. The result is not unattractive, but neither is it one of the better Crosby efforts. Technicolor, the star's easygoing manner, William Bendix, and a few scattered laughs make up for the patchwork quality of the script and songs. Relaxing, but a minor entry on the Crosby ledger, this has all the ingredients of a splendid farce. Somewhere along the line it failed to rise above the mediocre. (Paramount)

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is more successful in his attempt at recapturing the adventurous spirit of yesteryear. In *THE FIGHTING O'FLYNN*, based on the Justin McCarthy novel, he goes in for unadulterated adventure reminiscent of the films in which his father starred. It is a stalwart tale

with all the curlicues and twists of the crossed-sword school of romantic adventure. The setting is Ireland during the Napoleonic era when the French Emperor was attempting to strike at England through the Irish ports. A tumultuous affair with considerable chandelier swinging, etc., it is rollicking good fun for the grown-ups. Fairbanks handles his athletic assignments with smiling ease and manages to make the dramatic moments acceptable with the aid of Helena Carter, Richard Greene, Arthur Shields, J. M. Kerrigan, and Patricia Medina. (Universal-International)

YELLOW SKY follows the Western formula with some variation and a considerable amount of well-plotted suspense. It concerns a band of outlaws who have robbed a bank and headed into the desert. Though there is sporadic action, the film concerns itself primarily with the relationship of the members of the gang and their eventual falling out over the spoils. Some scenes of suggestive nature and the excessive brutality relegate this to the partly objectionable list. Gregory Peck, Richard Widmark, Anne Baxter, and James Barton head a splendid cast. (20th Century-Fox)

John Ford turns his directorial artistry and concentration on penetrating characterization to the lusty field of pioneer existence in *THREE GODFATHERS*. That he is not entirely successful is due in large measure to the inordinate length of the picture. Though it is pictorially beautiful, there just isn't sufficient story matter to cover the running time. Nor do we find ourselves in agreement with the sympathetic treatment of the suicide. It detracts from the moral value of the theme and adds nothing to its dramatic power. John Wayne, Pedro Armendariz, and Harry Carey, Jr. are cast as three outlaws who find themselves the guardians of a new-born babe. Their clumsy efforts at caring for the child, with the forces of the law in pursuit, and the eventual regeneration of the surviving member make too thin a story for the splendid production Ford has given it. (M-G-M)

The effect of environment is overemphasized in *KNOCK ON ANY DOOR*, a clinical exhibit of the rise and fall of one Nick Romano, a hard-boiled young killer. In pointing up the evils of slum conditions, the picture tends to overlook the importance of free will as a factor in the creation of a criminal. Slums have produced great men as well as murderers, but that point is sloughed off here. There are several interesting characterizations and the complicated

Art patron Cecil Kellaway is favorably impressed by Joseph Cotten's painting in "Portrait of Jennie"



Scene from "The Fighting O'Flynn," story of Ireland in the Napoleonic era, starring Doug Fairbanks, Jr.



story is given workmanlike dramatic treatment, with Humphrey Bogart and newcomer John Derek offering outstanding performances as a criminal lawyer and young hoodlum. Interesting, though hardly a monumental contribution to the cause of regeneration, this is for mature audiences only. (Columbia)

Delinquency is also the theme of *BAD BOY*, the initial starring vehicle for Audie Murphy, the nation's most decorated GI. Presented in documentary style, it spotlights the work of the Variety Clubs International boys ranch in rehabilitating and reforming youthful offenders. The delinquent in this case is apparently beyond redemption, but by delving into his past the cause of his antagonism to society is revealed. Exciting and moving, this is a more convincing study of a thorny problem principally because it avoids the sensationalism which mars so many depictions of its type. Excellent work by Murphy, Lloyd Nolan, James Gleason, and Jane Wyatt add realism to an adult movie that is both credible and impressive. (Allied Artists)

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE is an artistically successful adaptation of the Robert Nathan novel, acted with the brilliance expected of Ethel Barrymore, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Cecil Kellaway, Lillian Gish, and a select cast. It is the strange story of an ethereal romance between an artist and a girl who appears to him at several stages during her life. He paints her portrait, though actually she has been dead for several years. Whimsical fantasies are often boring, but this has been handled with taste and technical superiority all the way. A magnificently staged hurricane serves as a stunning climax for an appealing and sensitive adult drama. (Selznick)



Richard Greene frowns his disapproval as Jeanne Crain dances with George Sanders in "The Fan"

The New Plays

Tallulah Bankhead clowns through the current revival of Noel Coward's *PRIVATE LIVES* with a zest her audience cannot match. Never noted for restraint, the star cavorts with a strenuous, studied abandon that does compensate partially for the puerility of this cheap Coward stab at sophistication. Silly, rather than smart, the playwright's dialogue has all the sparkle of a well-thumbed Elinor Glyn novel. Despite the solo efforts of its volatile star to salvage something from the wreck, this dated farce remains a morally objectionable and very, very dull charade.

Jean Giraudoux' surrealist play, *THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT* is more confusing than convincing despite its extraordinarily good features. The latter include a brilliant setting, a group performance sparked by the magnetism of its star, Martita Hunt, and a sort of never-never land air about it that makes you forget its glaring faults momentarily. As a play, this adaptation from the French leaves much to be desired with its faulty construction and self-conscious stabs at nobility; as an exercise in the philosophic realm, it also misses the mark by a wide margin. Set in today's confused Paris, it centers around a violently eccentric noblewoman who lives in a world of her own, a fantastic world in which modern problems find no place. When the chaos of the times is brought forcibly to her attention, she sets about righting matters with dispatch. A group of raffish acquaintances, with whom she has associated in her daily airings, rally around and help her banish the world's troublemakers down into the convenient sewers of Paris.

The nobility of it all is rather suffocating and, at times, sophomoric. But it is a tale spun with a flourishing altruism. Giraudoux' philosophy is of the Thoreau school and his dramaturgic style is the Grand Guignol pattern. The combination of both is a fantastic blend which may well give the average playgoer a serious case of dyspepsia. Miss Hunt's interpretation is robust and hearty, satisfactory enough as a flashy bit of theatrics in the flamboyant manner. Her cohorts, Estelle Winwood, Nydia Westman, Vladimir Sokoloff, and company, carry on valiantly. Their combined efforts do more for this tepid play than M. Giraudoux and his translator were able to accomplish.

Boisterous and rowdy, *ALONG FIFTH AVENUE* leans heavily on the comic talents of Nancy Walker and Jackie Gleason. It is a familiar-style musical revue with the required number of blackout sketches, gaudy production numbers, and oblique lyrics. Miss Walker is a raucous comedienne who can win over an audience by sheer assault, and she does a magnificent job of mimicry and mummery here. Gleason and the remaining members of the cast hurry along in her wake. Whatever merit this melange of suggestive humor and slapstick possesses comes from the antics of its star and the dance magic of Viola Essen and Johnny Coy, a talented and personable duo.

KISS ME KATE, the new Cole Porter hit, has its clever moments and its ribald spots as well. A musical version of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, it has several modern touches added and a Porter score to keep the radio songsters happy for another season. This is one of those play-within-a-play ideas built around the presentation of the Bard's comedy by a theatrical group at Ford's Theatre in Baltimore. Much of it is cleverly integrated, and the singing-acting of Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison is on the brilliant side. Aided by Lisa Kirk, Harold Lang, imaginative choreography, and above all, the Porter music, they have turned this musical into a solid hit. We would feel much happier about its enthusiastic reception if the humor and lyrics were more in tune with the precepts of good taste.

Indefatigable Sonja Henie is taking her boys and girls on another whirl around the nation's rinks. The twelfth edition of her *HOLLYWOOD ICE REVUE* is in the glittering, spectacular tradition of the preceding frozen frolics. Lavishly costumed and surrounded by talented Freddie Trenkler, Michael Kirby, the Uksilas, and Jerry Mapes, Miss Henie has fashioned a production as 'eye-filling and relaxing as anything you'll find in the entertainment field. Ice show fans will enjoy every twirling moment of it.



To St. Joseph—the Pure of Heart

The protector of the Holy Family is the
patron of the pure, the humble, and the poor

by HELEN WALKER HOMAN

IT'S been like this with me, Saint Joseph: Devoted to the saints, and with the temerity to tell some of them about it openly, I have thus far hidden my face before you. For even the rashest person will stop short at a certain point; and, while daring to write open letters to persons who are high in Heaven, I have always hesitated to clatter with clumsy feet across the threshold of the Holy House of Nazareth. Until today.

But there is that about today, Saint Joseph, which cries out for a protector. A universe crashes about us; the world's paths are thronged with the homeless, the orphans and aged, the sick and the starving; in many quarters injustice, violence, death strike ruthlessly—while little minds in big places try to solve the humanly insoluble. And it is because so many hearts before so many altars today are crying, "Saint

Joseph, pray for us! Saint Joseph, protector of the Holy Family, protect the human family!" that I dare add my plea to theirs.

I have an abiding hope that you will listen to us because, during your life on earth, if there was one thing above others you did well, it was to listen. You listened so patiently and understandingly; you acted so effectively; and all the while you said nothing. Your deeds were your only comments, but they were singularly eloquent. You were perhaps the most silent saint we've ever known! Yet, I know of no other who has won as many friends.

They and I have speculated for a long time about a thousand things concerning you, omitted from the Gospel story. There would seem to be no explanation of why so little is known of one who sprang from the House of David—the descendant of a

king who came to be the guardian of the Great King—except that you yourself desired it to be so.

It was fitting that you should have been born in Bethlehem. It was the city of your royal ancestor, David, and later was to be the birthplace of Him who was at once your sacred charge and the Saviour of mankind. Yet you lived for many years in Galilee where dwelt Mary, your beautiful young kinswoman, the daughter of Joachim and Anne; and we like to think that you were first drawn there by the fragrance of this Flower of Nazareth. She, too, was of the House of David. Her parents were people of substance, and the ancient law was clear in its stipulation for the daughters of such:

"Let them marry whom they will, only so that it be men of their own tribe, lest the possession of the children of Israel be mingled from tribe to tribe."

We do not know, Saint Joseph, why you made carpentry your trade, but, since it was the custom for fathers to rear their sons in the occupation they themselves followed, it seems more than

ANNUNCIATION

by ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

*"David cum sybilla"—
But the Maid walks alone,
Dreams and wonders,
All unknown.*

*The sky cannot tell her,
Nor the prophecies,
That she is the center
Of all these.*

*The stars cannot tell her
That o'er her head they'll meet;
The crescent moon, unknowing,
Waits for her feet.*

*Only an Archangel
Can raise her low estate
High as the throne of God
While moon and stars wait.*

*Up the hill-country
The Maid walks alone
As one who hastens
To claim a throne.*

*Glory of Magnificat
The Unborn greet!—
Rush of sun and moon and stars
To deck a Virgin sweet!*

likely that your father, too, was a carpenter. All the authorities agree that the term in those days meant one who could work in metal as well as in wood, one who could design and fashion entire dwellings, so it is evident that you filled a useful and respected place in the community.

There has been great discussion about your probable age at the time you were betrothed to Mary, but I have a feeling that you would ask, with me, "What does it matter?". People who bother about ages are so tiresome. Of course, you must have been several years older than she of whom today we think as then just emerging from childhood, for no betrothal would have been suitable except with one who was well established in life. You had come to be known as "a just man," and this fact alone suggests some years of experience in dealing with the world and your contemporaries.

A legend recounts that all the unmarried men of the House of David were invited to the Temple, each bearing a rod with his name upon it to be laid at the foot of the high altar. After prayer, of the many rods which lay there, the least significant among them suddenly blossomed with lilies. When the wondering priests picked it up, they saw it bore the name of Joseph. The lilies signified purity of intention. Ever since, they have seemed to belong particularly to you, as generations have

been reminded at each succeeding Eastertide with its Saint Joseph lilies.

From the Mount, later were to come the words: "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God." Could He not have been thinking especially of you when He uttered those words? Through His design, you more than any other man upon earth came to see God, from His first appearance in the world in human flesh on through the years of His boyhood and young manhood, up to the time of your own death. Blessed indeed was Joseph, the "pure of heart."

Before the months of the betrothal had been accomplished, came that day of days. It was spring, and all Galilee was abloom as Mary prayed alone in her chamber. The little green valley of Nazareth smiled its thanksgiving upward to Heaven. "And the angel being come in, said unto her: Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women . . . Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son; and thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High . . . And of His kingdom there shall be no end! . . .

"And Mary said to the angel: How shall this be done, because I know not man? And the angel answering, said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee . . . And

Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word . . ."

Glorious message; glorious response! It was total acceptance—without fear, without thought of self, without worldly reckoning. And it was as though the spirit of such sublime acceptance radiated out from her to her betrothed; for, when a little later extraordinary acquiescence was required of you, you did not falter.

And although her soul rejoiced at its great destiny, although she had been caught up to Heaven itself, yet on the human side it must have been consoling when at least one upon earth understood at once, without explanation, that greatest of mysteries—her cousin, Elizabeth, whom she had journeyed into the hill country to visit. "Blessed art thou among women . . . And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?"

At length came the time when Mary must return to Nazareth—to you and her friends. "When . . . Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child, of the Holy Ghost. Whereupon Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing publicly to expose her, was minded to put her away privately."

The words are very simple, Saint Joseph. But they are fraught with human tragedy. And it is to be noted that there are none of yours among them. You remained silent. But the suffering was undeniably there—the bewilderment, and, yes, the shattered faith. It must have been so. Yet you uttered no word, only pondering constantly upon how best to protect her. But consolation was also to be yours, when the angel in turn came to you, saying: ". . . Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her, is of the Holy Ghost."

Then was the keystone of the holy hearth of Nazareth eternally fixed by your own acceptance. And when you entered the Holy House to dwell there before the world as the husband of Mary, she knew that before God and herself you were but her appointed protector, protector of the Child she would bear—and that you would never forsake them.

As the winter approached, the time drew near when you must lay aside your tools and journey to Bethlehem, according to the decree of the Emperor Caesar Augustus, to enroll in your own birthplace, the City of David. I think of you, silently worrying about that journey, Saint Joseph, as you set about the preparations. How best to make it easiest for Mary? But one is sure that no word of anxiety passed your lips.

At last, when He lay there in the manger on that first Christmas, what thoughts of wonderment and joy must have been yours, Saint Joseph! We know that with the shepherds you knelt and adored Him; but I seem to know too that you moved about ceaselessly, carrying and fetching, waiting upon Mother and Child. After the birth, it had been the shepherds who brought you God's first testimony to man that this indeed was the Messiah—" . . . good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people." Everything that followed their simple account—the declaration of the aged Simeon on the day of the Infant's presentation in the Temple, that his eyes now truly beheld the Salvation of the world; the words of Anna, the Prophetess, confessing Him before men as the Redemption of Israel; the story of the guiding star as related by the wise men from the East who came inquiring, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?"—all bore further testimony to the greatness of the tiny Infant you held in your arms. It but deepened your silence and awe, stirring profoundly the depths of the eternal protector within you.

Then came the voice: "Arise, and take the Child and His mother, and fly into Egypt! . . . For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him." Weary though you were, again you accepted unquestioningly. Once more you undertook all the preparations for a journey—but this time hastily, secretly. One can imagine your apprehension as you lifted Mary and the Child upon the faithful beast, and, taking the halter, led them down the dark, silent street—looking back over your shoulder, listening, until you had left the sleeping City of David far behind.

You must have been thinking regretfully of the peaceful house at Nazareth which you had left weeks before, expecting soon to return. You may have

thought ruefully of the poor wise men who had unwittingly led you into this dilemma. (Do you think this could be considered generally characteristic of many so-called "wise men," Saint Joseph?) For if they had not told King Herod they had come to see a newborn King in Bethlehem, he would not have set about killing all its men-children, " . . . from two years and under, according to the time which he had diligently inquired of the wise men."

No one knows how long it was that you remained safely hidden in Egypt; but I like to think it was long enough to become loved by the people there; for, after your death, it seems to have been Egypt more than any other place which first revered your memory. This land had witnessed your tender care of the Jewish maid and her Infant, had known that you had risked your life to save theirs.

By the time the angel again came to you, you were well accustomed to angelic visitations. How joyfully you must have listened to the tidings that Herod was dead and that you might return in peace to the land of Israel! And, when at length the little family came after a long journey to the door of the Holy House of Nazareth, what rejoicing there must have been! At last, you were home.

Then began the wonderful years. Laboring at your trade every day to provide for them, you watched Mary fashion about that hearth of acceptance such a home of serenity as was the envy of all men; when " . . . the Child grew, and waxed strong, full of wisdom; and the grace of God was in Him." Those must have been the years when you were happiest, Saint Joseph. And every year you and Mary journeyed to Jerusalem to observe the solemn feast of the Pasch.

It seems probable that Jesus had been for some time accompanying you and was well accustomed to the pro-

cedure of the usual caravan—otherwise, on that festival when He was twelve, you would not have traveled a day of the return journey without looking for Him. Terrible consternation must have been yours when night fell and you could not find Him among the travelers. Probably you felt that you had failed woefully in your role of protector. One can imagine with what countless prayers and agony of heart you and His mother retraced your steps to the Holy City. Three days of anguish passed before you thought of the Temple. " . . . They found Him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom and His answers." Nevertheless, " . . . He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them." And all the time He must have been thinking of you: "Blessed are the pure of heart . . ."

It seems to have been His special blessing which took you out of the world before His public life began—before His terrible sufferings were consummated. Had you been there, true to the role you had accepted before His birth and so faithfully fulfilled throughout the years, you would have tried to protect Him. But protection then was not a part of His plan. He would drain the chalice. He would drain it alone.

An apocryphal writing, *The History of Joseph the Carpenter*, relates that when you had grown old and rich in years, and felt the end drawing near, you sought first the Temple and prayed to be protected from the terrors of death; then slowly returned to your couch in the Holy House of Nazareth. Jesus stood by you, and Our Lady, weeping, was at your feet. As He consoled you, He prayed that you would be spared from "the river of fire wherein all souls are purified before they see the glory of God." And as He prayed, a choir of angels came and carried away your soul. As He anointed your body, Jesus pronounced blessings upon all who in future would celebrate your memory by good deeds, and who—yes, so the account says, who would write the story of your death. I wonder if this little letter, Saint Joseph—but, no, it is too much to expect. . . .

Meanwhile, the faithful everywhere are crying out to you: "Saint of total acceptance, silent and patient Saint, Saint of the laborer and of the hearthstone, pray for us! Joseph, protector of the Holy Family, now of all times, be the protector of the human family!"

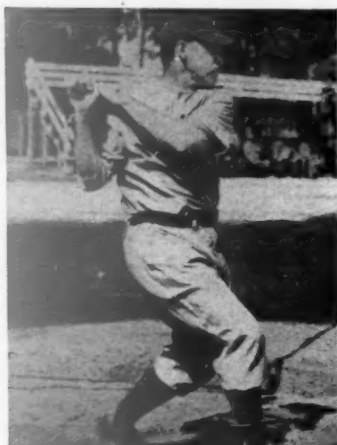


Coolidge smiled with relief and put his wallet back in his pocket. "In that case," he said, "I think I'll just write you a check."

—Michael O'Shaughnessy

Buddy Hassett

It was heartwarming to learn that John Aloysius (Buddy) Hassett had been appointed manager of the Newark Bears baseball team, for Buddy has long been one of the most loyal, sincere, hardworking members of the diamond profession and certainly deserved the big break that finally came his way. As a player with the Brooklyn Dodgers, Boston Braves, and the New York Yankees, Buddy has always given one hundred effort, and we are sure that he is going to make good in this assignment at the head of the Yankees key



Hassett, new manager for the Bears

farm team in the International League.

Things haven't always come easy to the Bronx Irishman with the best singing voice in the history of baseball, but Buddy has never let discouragement get him down. As a high school and college first baseman, his chosen career seemed to loom bright before him, but there was more than one bad break along the road. Buddy first became prominent in baseball circles some twenty years ago, when his two home runs won the Catholic High School Championship of New York for Manhattan Prep.

Hassett continued his education under the Christian Brothers by choosing Manhattan College as his Alma Mater. Here he starred in basketball also and became captain of the quintet in his senior year. Meanwhile his big bat and fancy fielding on the diamond had a host of big-league scouts on his trail. Paul Krichell of the Yankees won out and inked Hassett's name to a New York contract. This was in 1933, but Buddy's first appearance in a Yankee uniform came at the end of a long and devious route. A chap named Lou Gehrig was holding forth at first for the Yankees in those years, so Hassett was sent to the minors for sea-

soning. After a couple of years in the American Association and International League, Buddy felt well seasoned, but Gehrig was going stronger than ever. So Buddy decided he didn't want to spend his career in the minors and suggested to the Yankees that they sell him to a big-league club. This they did—to the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1936. Buddy did well for the Brooks that year, hitting a nifty .310 and starred again in 1937. But then came another bad break. Larry MacPhail took over the Brooklyn Club and decided that Dolph Camilli was the guy he wanted to play first. So Buddy was shunted on to the Boston Braves with whom he played through 1941.

The great Lou Gehrig had passed on, and the first base job on the Yankees was wide open when the New Yorkers got Hassett back from the Braves in 1942. Buddy won the job and his fine play helped the McCarthy men win the American League pennant that year. Came the World Series with the Cardinals and another bad break. Hassett's hitting sparked the Yankees to a split of the first two games as the teams came to the Yankee Stadium all even with Buddy batting .333. The curve-balling lefthander Ernie White was on the mound for the Redbirds in the third game. When Buddy first came to bat, Ernie broke one off a little too well and it smashed Hassett's wrist. Buddy was out of the series and so were the Yankees as the Cards proceeded to run them out of the park. That was Hassett's last turn at bat as a Yankee.

His next three years were spent in the Navy, and when he returned in 1946 his big-league career was behind him. But Buddy isn't daunted easily, and in 1947 he became manager of the Yankees' farm team at Norfolk. His good work got him a promotion to Binghamton, and now it's only one step removed from the big time again, at Newark. The Bears haven't been doing too well either at the gate or on the field the last couple of years, and the Yankee organization considered giving up the franchise. But the good folks at Newark persuaded them to stay on. When things get tough, as they do in baseball from time to time, I'm sure Buddy will make them forget their current woes and bring happy tears to

their eyes with a little of "Mother Machree," or would you rather, "I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen?"

Sports Safari

Throughout the years sports and the people who make up this interesting phase of American life have done more than their share for charity and all worthy causes. Boxing, baseball, football, basketball, and other sports have always been in the forefront of any worthy fund-raising campaign. Most of these efforts have been in the form of athletic contests with the gate receipts or a sizable portion thereof being turned over to the charity.

However, Larry Stevens, New York public relations counsel, has given the combination of sports and charity a new twist—or should I say a new look—with the Annual Sports Safari from New York to Miami for the most worthy National Children's Cardiac Fund. Stevens conceived the idea of taking a whole group of prominent sports figures to Miami Beach in a fund-raising and publicity campaign for this children's heart fund. The group has just returned from its second annual jaunt to the land of sunshine, and the success of the venture these past two years suggests great possibilities for the future.

The sports group included the one and only Joe DiMaggio of the New York Yankees; Tommy Holmes of the Boston Braves, whose hit beat Bobby Feller in the last World Series; Buddy Hassett, newly appointed manager of the Newark Bears of the International League; and Emerson Dickman, former Red Sox pitching ace and now Princeton baseball coach. The aforementioned, of course, were baseball's contribution. From football came Tommy Thompson, star quarterback of the Philadelphia Eagles, National League Champions. From golf, Gene Sarazen and Johnny Farrell; from boxing, noted referee Ruby Goldstein; and from sports announcing, yours truly. Added to the cast were a group of sports writers and photographers to bring the total number up to twenty-four.

The itinerary included a series of public appearances, innumerable radio broadcasts, and visits to Pratt General Veterans Hospital and to Mending

by

DON DUNPHY

Heart Village, which is conducted by the Cardiac Fund. Here Joe DiMaggio was installed as Honorary Mayor for 1949. It was wonderful to see the kids reaction to baseball's biggest star, and Joe was visibly touched by their greeting.

Also featured was a baseball game between the group and the Miami Beach Flamingoes, but please don't ask who played second base for our side, because I made four errors.

Johnny Farrell

Johnny Farrell is the first of the great golf professionals to realize the potentialities of television as a means of teaching the game. His TV show *Swing into Sports* on the Dumont network, Tuesdays at 7 P.M., is already one of the most interesting offerings of the new medium as far as entertainment goes, and as an aid to golf professionals in teaching the Royal and Ancient Game its possibilities are endless.

Johnny, who conducts the program himself with the aid of guest stars, naturally believes that the most important thing in golf is the swing, and it is the purpose of his program to give golfers a sounder idea of how to do it. He believes that it is not only a great aid to those learning the fundamentals of the game, but is also a boon to the experienced golfer.

On *Swing into Sports* Farrell advocates a one-piece swing, that is when you start with your hands you feel the turning of the body (or pivot) starting at the same time. A most common fault is to start the wrist independently of the body, which causes one to pick up, resulting in a slice. You should have a slight pull on the left side as you turn. On the downswing you should have a feeling of unwinding the left side as you start down. Then swing on to a complete follow-through. As you finish the swing you should be facing the hole completely.

Some of the guest stars who have helped Farrell teach the game by way of TV are Claude Harmon, winner of the 1948 Masters Tournament at Augusta, Ga.; Herman Barron, 1948 Goodall winner; Willie Turnesa, current National Amateur Champion; and baseball's famed Joe DiMaggio, who helped show the difference between a golf swing and a baseball swing.

When I caught up with Johnny at the Golf Clinic he conducts at Wanamaker's in New York, I asked him what advice he had for the youngster and also for the older person taking up golf. His thought was that the youth should learn to play as early as possible. He should watch the stars play, because the young learn by imitation. Whenever convenient, he should be checked by a professional. And, if at all possible, young golfers should be caddies, particularly if they have thoughts of being top-notch tournament golfers. Johnny believes that it's a great way to earn money and learn golf at the same time, but it should never interfere with school.

For the older person taking up golf,

Farrell believes the important thing is to get proper instruction in the beginning. Such a person should concentrate on developing a three-quarter swing. This will give him a more controlled game and eliminate body twitching.

Speaking of caddying, as we were a moment ago, Johnny himself started caddying at the Siwanoy Country Club at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., at the age of eight. Later he worked in the pro



TV golf teacher Johnny Farrell

shop under Tommy Carrigan and became the assistant pro at the club. At the age of nineteen he went to Quaker Ridge in Mamaroneck as co-professional. He played in his first National Open Tournament in 1920. That tournament was a most important one in golf history, for it was also the first big tournament for such other stars of the links as Bobby Jones, Gene Sarazen, and Leo Diegel. It was won by the Britisher, Ted Ray, with the late Harry Vardon, second.

In 1927, Farrell really reached his peak as a top-notch golfer. He won ten tournaments, a mark broken only by Byron Nelson three years ago. For that cleanup Farrell was voted the number one professional, ahead of such stars as Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Tommy Armour, Mike Brady, and the other greats of that era. However, it was in 1928 that Farrell realized his boyhood ambition by finally winning the National Open, but it was no easy matter. The great master Bobby Jones was in his heyday then, and he and Farrell ended the regulation rounds all even. In a historic play-off that is still talked about to this day, Farrell emerged the champion.

Johnny Farrell is now the golf professional at the Baltusrol Club in New Jersey. With his lovely wife and five children, three boys and two girls, he lives at Westfield, N. J.



Don Dunphy greets Joe DiMaggio at Miami Sports Safari before an ice image of the "Yankee Clipper"



Walking toward the fence later, I felt a warm glow

I CRASHED AN

The lonely nine-year-old didn't belong in the exciting world that lay behind the big fence—and the pugnacious old guardian wouldn't let him forget it!

ONLY in later years, when time had begun to rob my child world piece by piece of its lovely illusions, did I learn that "The Brothers" was only our affectionate name for the Catholic Boys Home—and that to a chilly world my beloved "brother-boys" were inmates. Not one cubit was added to my stature by the discovery. I disowned it immediately. To me the home will always remain The Brothers; and I hope that someone there will remember that I am an honorary brother-boy.

When I was nine, and a little lonely, we moved to St. Mary's Parish. I early made the stunning discovery that right over our back fence was The Brothers' yard—big, dusty, inviting. And in it were brother-boys, dozens of them!

But trespassers were challenged there. True, I did not have to thrash the traditional bully, nor prove my eligibility by turning better cartwheels than anybody else. The fellows were friendly and openhearted. Only Grandpaw let me know with unmistakable clarity that this was holy ground.

I had scrambled over the creaking board fence, headed toward the nearest marble game, clicking my marbles suggestively in my pocket. My entrance was designed to be dignified and impressive. It was—till Grandpaw saw me. A hoarse bark stopped me. Charging with a rheumatic, lopsided gallop, was the most enormous pugnacious bulldog in

the world. I was only a little boy steadily feeling littler, and he was a very big brown dog.

Somehow I beat him back to the fence. Two boys of my own size caught Grandpaw and scolded him for his bad manners. Only after he was led away did I venture down from my rattling perch.

In all subsequent visits, I could never convince this one-headed, single-minded Cerberus that I was not an alien and a dangerous one. I tried to bribe him, but he was incorruptible. My friends tried to effect a rapprochement, but he was a die-hard chauvinist. As long as I was accompanied by a brother-boy consort my safe conduct was assured. But woe to me if Grandpaw caught me alone. My biggest asset was my youth and a highly developed instinct of self-preservation. Usually, I beat him back to the fence. Once I didn't and discovered that Grandpaw had not a tooth left in his aged head. But even this made me no less respectful of the ill-natured old tyrant.

"I in their fellowship was one"—almost. I learned why "Cocky" Lucas had so many marbles. For after meeting him in the gravelly arena my pockets gave forth no sound. I learned what it was like to collide with a truck when I tackled Richard H. Baker, the boy who could drop-kick a goal barefooted at thirty yards. In dumb adoration I

watched Charlie Mitchell boot the ball so high that in my childish truce with reality I wondered seriously if it ever would come down. "Chico," the Mexican boy, did tricks with a rope that I had seen only in vaudeville. I marveled at the capacity of "one small head" when Pierre, from Bayou la Fourche, spoke French like a Frenchman, yeah. And, alas, not gifted with the second sight, I could hardly have known when I got tough with him that pretty Jimmy Brady would one day be the S.I.A.A. welter champ.

I learned the strange local rules of all their games. Their highly specialized idiom became my normal mode of expression. With the freedom of home folks, I joined them to criticize whatever mountainous outrage called for griping.

MY pal was the kind little Italian brother who had long forgotten Italian, but never quite learned English. Yet we understood each other, and, bless his heart, he never once got mad at me when I forgot to return his garden tools. And there was the tall, solemn laundry-brother with the loosely fitting dental plates. When he talked, I tried not to notice that with each broad vowel sound uttered, his teeth snapped shut of their own accord like something alive.

Greenhouses, carpenter shop, farm, chicken yard, cellars, dining room, attic—every corner of an elaborate plant

ORPHANAGE

by JAMES HART McCOWN



I learned why "Cocky" Lucas had so many marbles

yielded its secret to a very nosy little boy.

But my happiness was not complete because my adoption wasn't. It was complete with the boys. Of course, it wasn't with Grandpaw. It was with some of the brothers. Others were still a little too politely aloof, a little *too* kind. With them I was still a visitor. Especially with Brother James, the yard prefect. Looking back now, I know that I put the dear brothers in an awkward position. I did not belong there really. I had a good home, I was not under their authority. And I could get away with things the other boys were justly punished for. Plainly, I was no big help to discipline. Too kind to hurt me, the

brothers benevolently let me have the run of the place.

Only Grandpaw spoke his mind. He would submit with aged dignity to any attention of the fortunate ones who belonged. But try as I might, he always rewarded my advances with a hideous, terrifying growl.

One day I stretched the bands of sufferance too far. On the north side of the dormitory was a heavenly fire escape, the kind you *slide* down and crash into a safety door at the bottom. This was the forbidden fruit, the great mortal sin that tore at our hearts. For its delights were forbidden—"Strictly forbidden!" as I had heard Brother James tell the boys a dozen times. And it had its own well-

publicized penalty. Neither Dicky Baker nor I tried to lay the blame on the other. Temptation assailed us simultaneously. Shoulder to shoulder we decided to risk it. We reached the bottom, flushed with the exhilaration of the *verboden* thrill, striking the yielding safety door with a mighty clang.

Brother James and Grandpaw were there waiting for us. Brother James was flushed too—but not with joy exactly. Grandpaw could hardly restrain himself.

It was sad, I mused, to see poor Dicky wiggling like a newly caught eel across Brother's knee. As he got up rubbing his seat, I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving that I was, after all, only a visitor. But that prayer had no *Amen*, for the world and everything in it turned upside down, and I found myself across the very same knee. I was flooded with emotion—two emotions: one of utter surprise, the other of genuine admiration of Brother James's excellent punitive abilities.

He had known more clearly than I that this was the parting of the ways. Either this—or banishment for me.

Walking toward the fence later, I felt a warm glow—a little centered, perhaps, in one spot—but definitely an all-over warm feeling. And I think that never shall the bliss of that moment be recaptured. Grandpaw understood. He and I walked together to the fence, *walked*, mind you!



Woe to me if Grandpaw caught me alone

People

"Queen of Hearts" was the title bestowed by the New York Heart Fund on the young lady featured here. At the same time, she won the title "Miss Disc Jockey" of the year for her work on children's programs. When she was hostess at the CBS Dream House Party on television, one veteran producer called her the "first lady of television."

This charming young girl is Eileen O'Connell of Fairview, New Jersey. About three years ago she took over WHN's *Kiddies Disc Jockey Program*, and within a month it was recommended by the New York Board of Education. Later she moved to NBC and was so successful that she won the title of "Miss Disc Jockey" of the year in national competition. Although she receives much fan mail from children all over, her favorites are the blind children at a local school.

Many pastors know Eileen for her great assistance in running parish shows and entertainments. She enjoys driving the Sisters around and, incidentally, she plays the part of a nun in the picture, *Portrait of Jenny*.

When this lovely Irish girl was asked if she had an agent, she laughed and said: "My Dad is always there when I need advice." Let's hope the kiddies follow her example.

In circle, a formal portrait of Eileen O'Connell. Below, she conducts one of her famous kiddie programs. The special popcorn treat is being enjoyed by all participants.





When the award was announced, friends began to call.



Doctor "Ted" DeGurse examines an old patient.

THE family doctor is a great American institution, and we would be hard put to find a better example of this than in Doctor Thomas E. DeGurse of Marine City, Michigan. This seventy-five-year-old doctor has been practicing for fifty-three years! Last year, the Michigan Medical Society named him the "Number One Family Doctor."

In the early days he rode for miles on horseback or by sled to reach the sick. In his own words: "I took an oath to relieve suffering humanity. Never in my life have I refused help to anybody, even when I had to walk miles over ice to reach them." Although he himself didn't divulge the information, it was learned that, at one time, he tore up \$150,000 in unpaid medical bills, and that isn't counting the hundreds that he "forgot" to bill. Besides giving individual care, he worked as public health officer for a water filtering plant and other facilities to prevent disease. The people appreciated him so much that they elected him mayor for nine terms!

He is a model Catholic, who has followed in the steps of the Divine Physician, and should be an inspiration not only to doctors but to all who work for the betterment of mankind.

'twill Please again

Items Humorous or
Unusual on Matters of
Great or Little Moment

Stationmaster

► *A stationmaster's day is a busy one, especially when it's spent in New York's Pennsylvania Station. Eugenie Gluckert writes on Stationmaster Hawkes in "The Queen's Work":*

You, no doubt, can recall how thrilled you were the first time you took over the controls of a toy electric train. While making it go and stop, you perhaps dreamed that you were the master directing the trains of a large terminal. Not many kids have this dream fulfilled, but Thomas L. Hawkes certainly has, for he is master of the busiest station in the nation, the Pennsylvania in New York City.

In 1947 he was responsible for the goings and comings of some 109,000,000 travelers. Every day he directs the arrival and departure of a quarter of a million passengers on more than nine hundred trains.

What the stationmaster doesn't know about trains isn't worth mentioning. He can tell you that a passenger locomotive weighs 130 tons and that a modern steam locomotive contains more than 7,500 parts. Did you know that the standard-gauge railroad, 4 feet 8½ inches, was originally built to conform to the ruts made in the roads by ancient Roman chariot wheels? That the even number tracks in a railway depot are on the engineer's side of the train and the odd number tracks on the fireman's side? . . .

Frequently enough Tom Hawkes has opened up his wallet to lend out the funds needed by some stranded, befuddled, and cashless member of the traveling public. Only twice have his good deeds soured. He has two worthless checks in his desk drawer labeled "Profit and Loss." Generally he has found such travelers honest and eager to repay every last borrowed penny.

Stamp Racket

► *A few paragraphs from an article in the "American Legion Magazine" by Larry Walker, which deals with opportunists who print stamps as bait for American dollars:*

Dozens of nations, from Afghanistan to Zanzibar, have long made a profitable practice of issuing postage stamps with a sly eye on philatelists' wallets. Since President Roosevelt's own collection brought \$250,000 at auction in New York two years ago, with awed buyers shelling out four and five times the normal price for items "certified to come from the F.D.R. estate," many countries, including the U.S., have printed stamps in his memory. Some, notably ours, have come straight from the heart; but Liberia, Nicaragua, Ethiopia, Turkey, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Albania, Guatemala, and others evidently spotted a bonanza in the extraordinary scramble for Rooseveltiana. Overnight their gaudily colored contributions became the most popular philatelic fad in generations.

The total take of the "Roosevelt" racketeers has been pegged at over \$2,000,000. If you're wondering at this point where so much cash comes from, perhaps you don't realize how immense philately is. The success secret of philately is volume. If each one of the estimated 12,500 U.S. collectors spent only a dollar a year on his hobby, the total would be 25 times the gross from the Hungarian "Roosevelts." Actually, the average individual expenditure well exceeds \$1. Conjectures are that at least \$45,000,000 a year goes for stamps of all kinds.

Foiled!

► *Douglas Woodruff comments in the "Tablet" of London on the failure of a scheme to alter the physical geography of the United States:*

Seattle is a great and important place these days, where the American airplanes go streaming north, but it has just had a reverse. Four Seattle mountaineers had the idea that if they could only increase the height of one of their mountains, Mount Rainier by name, it would be the second highest mountain in the States, instead of being only the fourth. They proposed to build a twenty-four foot rocky on the top, to make it 14,432 feet high; but this has been turned down as cheating by the superintendent of the National Park where Mount Rainier is; nor has it escaped comment that the two mountains, at present second and third, which would be eclipsed, are in Colorado, and the superintendent who has turned down the scheme is a Colorado man. But there is a general support for him, especially from the teachers who say they cannot have a changing geography.

Pilot's Guides

► *The activities of an unusual fleet of ships are described and illustrated in a recent issue of "Skyways" Magazine:*

Though flying the Atlantic is commonplace today, the pilots of the transoceanic airlines do not look upon the 2,000-mile overwater hop as a pleasure jaunt. It's a trip that offers no emergency landing fields, no repair stations, nor any landmarks. Usually, just the sight of a ship is comforting. But if it's a U.N. weather ship, it's more than merely comforting. The U.N. weather ships serve as signposts and information centers for trans-Atlantic aircraft. . . .

Provided under an international agreement arranged by ICAO, the expenses incurred in the maintenance and operation of these ships are shared by Belgium, Canada, Ireland, France, Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, U.K. and U.S.

Day and night ships such as the "Spencer" are on the air with data concerning position, etc., so that planes passing overhead can get bearings. Often, the "Spencer" talks directly to more than 500 aircraft during its 21-day tour of duty. Detailed weather information is available to any plane.



Left: A nine-year-old, looking at the world with his camera, saw swift beauty in sleds

Below: And he found the white artistry of winter's snow in the barren arms of a tree

Lower left: He even caught his brother's glad wonder at the magic of a new penny



A Boy and his Camera

Do your eyes really see the beauty that lies all around you, even in the commonplace?

by **HUGH B. CAVE**

BESIDE a pond not a stone's throw from my front door stands an oak tree. It is a very old tree, bent crookedly over the water: a tree with personality; the sort of tree an artist might select to symbolize the glory of spring, the grandeur of autumn, the austerity of winter.

If my young son, Ken, were given a dollar for every time he has clambered out on that tree, or stood under it with a fishing rod, he would be wealthy. But I had never heard him comment on the tree itself, in any way worthy of note, until the other day.

"Dad," he said then, "you know something about that old oak on the point? When the sun strikes it early in the morning, it looks as if somebody painted it during the night and the paint wasn't dry yet."

"Does it?" I asked, astonished.

"But when the sun is the other way, in the afternoon, it looks solid black,

like only a shadow of a tree," he added.

"And how do you know these things?" I inquired.

"Well," said he, solemnly, "I was out looking for pictures to take with my new camera."

My son's new camera is a simple box affair costing less than five dollars. To be quite frank, I gave it to him in self-defense. Picture-taking is an important adjunct to my work as a writer and journalist—and, if you know any way of keeping a curious youngster out of a cellar darkroom when you are developing, printing, and enlarging photographs, you are more resourceful than I!

For a while he was content to watch. But the time came—it had to—when the urge to "make pictures" of his own obsessed him. Could he borrow my camera sometime, maybe, huh? Well . . . !

I hesitated. To be frank again, I had horrible visions of being called

upon to assist in developing and printing a flood of photographs of the neighbors' children standing woodenly at attention, singly and in groups. Or the neighbors' houses. Or the neighborhood school. But in the end, worn down by nine-year-old persistence, I yielded and bought the box camera.

What happened amazed me.

The pictures he brought home were not all prizewinners, of course. Far from it! Nine-year-old hands seldom hold a camera steady, and nine-year-old minds are often bewildered by the mechanics of even the simplest camera. But something more important had happened. Suddenly, wonderfully, my son had learned to use his eyes! The everyday world around him had assumed new shapes, new colors—even new sounds!

He saw and marveled at the shining beauty of an old oak in morning sunlight. He became aware of clouds



St. Patrick, Missouri

by HARRY WILSON
and PAUL TREDWAY

SAINT Patrick's Day is celebrated by Irishmen everywhere but in no place more enthusiastically than in a little bit of Ireland right in the heart of the U. S. A. St. Patrick, Missouri, is the name, and its fifty-three inhabitants, are understandably proud of their home town.

For one thing, theirs is the only post office in America named after Erin's patron. For another, they are making it Saint Patrick's No. 1 ambassador overseas and the site of his official shrine in this country.

St. Patrick, Missouri, has the world's busiest postmaster on March 17. Mail leaving here on that date is stamped with a large, emerald-green shamrock, encircled by an equally emerald-green slogan: "St. Patrick, Mo., the Only One in the World." Last year some twenty thousand letters came from all over the world to be stamped and postmarked on the great day.

This deluge is of secondary interest, however, to the citizens of St. Patrick. The holiday begins for them with a High Mass that climaxes a solemn novena to the Apostle of Ireland. Everyone attends because everyone here, Irish or not, is a Catholic. Villagers, neighboring farmers, and their guests meet that night for the social event of the year. It is a community supper followed by a grand Saint Patrick's Day Ball.

This little town in the northeastern tip of Missouri owes its growing reputation as Saint Patrick's very own to its peppery, red-faced pastor, Rev. Francis O'Duignan, a native of County Longford. Father O'Duignan is the torchbearer in the campaign to erect in St. Patrick an official shrine that will belong to "all the scattered children of the Gael."

The post office was just another building when Father O'Duignan arrived in the village in 1935. Anxious to spread the fair name of his parish, Father O'Duignan asked another Irishman, James Aloysius Farley, then Postmaster General, if St. Patrick could cancel its March 17 mail in green ink. Farley said, regretfully, that postal regulations forbade this.

But, he added, there was nothing to stop St. Patrick from dolling up its mail a bit.

The village took Farley at his word. The fancy, three-leaf stamp it now puts on the left-hand corner of letters is a joy to any Irishman. Last year Postmaster John Logsdon and three special assistants had to rise before the sun on March 17 so the mail could go through.

Times were hard in St. Patrick in the 1930's. Father O'Duignan found his new parish "in one devil of a shape." The little frame church had neither a cross nor a coat of paint, and the holy water froze at his first Christmas Mass. Father O'Duignan went to work. He had the parish school accredited to the state so it was eligible for public funds. Then he lined up WPA jobs for about forty of his idle parishioners.

By 1939 Father O'Duignan was ready to go on a campaign for a new and appropriately Celtic church, the main edifice in the shrine he hopes to build. Since then he has raised \$100,000 of the \$200,000 he needs, although the farmland on which most of his parishioners depend is far from rich. The Ancient Order of Hibernians in Chicago has pledged \$10,000 for a high altar. Archbishop John D'Alton, Primate of all Ireland, and other people on the Emerald Isle also have promised a helping hand.

Father O'Duignan has brought back from Ireland three cherished objects for the shrine: an altar stone from Croagh Patrick, upon whose misty summit the Saint himself used to fast and pray; a chalice from Lough Derg, or Saint Patrick's Purgatory; and a relic of the Apostle authenticated by the Vatican.

St. Patrick was settled in 1837 by a roving band of Irish immigrants. They saw in the rolling hills near the Mississippi River a striking resemblance to their native land. Today St. Patrick is only five miles off U. S. Highway 61, which bisects America from Canada to the Gulf. "Where," asks Father O'Duignan, "is a better place for an American shrine to the greatest Saint of them all?"

swimming in the summer sky. He discovered—for himself—that kingfishers make a noise like a baby's rattle, that gray squirrels mutter to themselves while munching acorns, that chipmunks are nature's funniest clowns.

Hunting for pictures, this boy discovered people. He sought out his playmates first, of course; but in a short while he began to be aware of people in whom his interest might never have been aroused had not the search for "interesting things" unveiled his eyes. Did I know that the man who drove the vegetable truck had a gold tooth that sparkled when he laughed? Or that Mr. S——, the garbage man, had the strongest hands in just about the whole world, maybe?

I didn't know these things. I wasn't fully aware, either—my own approach to photography being necessarily professional—that so much was going on in our small neighborhood. Going on all the time. A six-year-old solemnly teaching his small sister to ride a tricycle. Eager boys building a raft at the pond's edge to hunt frogs. A very old lady resting on a rake beside a pile of burning leaves.

"Make sure your pictures tell a story or are beautiful," I had told him. His opened eyes found pictures everywhere. On a nine-year-old scale, and perhaps without being aware of it, he discovered, with Browning, that "Earth's crammed with heaven, And every common bush afire with God; And only he who sees takes off his shoes . . ."

I'm not trying to sell cameras. Not even five-dollar ones. Perhaps this awakening would have occurred in due time without the stimulus of picture-hunting.

It makes little difference. The mechanics of the miracle are unimportant. Awareness, once acquired, is not forgotten, and if the camera were discarded tomorrow my boy would go on seeing the beauty of a seagull against a sunlit cloud or the drama of a mongrel dog cowering in the rain.

I suspect, though, that youthful eyes are not the only eyes in need of opening. Do you see all the drama, the beauty, the magic of ordinary things with which, day after day, you are surrounded? I know I don't. Thoreau did. "I see beyond the range of sight," he wrote, "new earths and skies and seas around." But Harriet Beecher Stowe spoke better for the great majority of us. "It lies around us like a cloud . . . a world we do not see."

Perhaps we, too, could do with a little help from the camera's eye. Or, better still, learn to use the eyes we have.

RADIO and TELEVISION

by DOROTHY KLOCK

The Railroad Hour

Whether *The Railroad Hour* will boost the interest of the average listener in travel or perhaps, even more important to the sponsors, give that listener a more kindly attitude toward rising railroad fares and fees is questionable. The answer lies in that never-never land in which the efficacy of all radio commercials is finally proved. But suffice it to say, *The Railroad Hour* is filled for the most part with nostalgic delight.

These are forty-five-minute programs in which a popular musical comedy or operetta of another day, not too distant for recollection, is presented in large-size capsule form. The familiar music is ever welcome. Thus far, there has been a happy choice of musical productions—*The Red Mill* and *Naughty Marietta*, in the Victor Herbert department; *Blossom Time*, drenched with lush music; *Girl Crazy* and *Whoopie*, in the more modern musical comedy idiom.

The productions are uniformly smooth. Gordon MacRae is the singing host who takes one of the leading male parts each week. There is a mixed chorus, and Carmen Dragon's orchestra ripples and sparkles. There are guest stars each week. Among those who have appeared recently are Gene Kelly, Dorothy Kirsten, Jeannette McDonald, Patrice Munsel, Eddie Cantor.

To turn in a fair report, it must be said that the orchestrations are sometimes too heavy or too brassy, especially at the end of scenes. But this indeed seems a minor point when the general public good is so well served. (ABC, Monday, 8:00-8:45 P.M., E.S.T.)

On CBS-TV

Station WDTV, Pittsburgh, has become the thirtieth television outlet for CBS. It is on the main line coaxial

cable between New York and Chicago.

U. N. Casebook brings veteran newsmen Quincy Howe and officials of the United Nations together for question and answer sessions monthly.

The Goldbergs, popular family dramatic series which enjoyed a seventeen-year run in radio, has made its television debut.

Cross Question is the title of the Tuesday night dramatic series of fictional jury trials on the CBS television network.

Lamp Unto My Feet brings to television cameras in New York groups of varying faiths for the presentation of lessons which will help all home viewers to attain a better understanding of religions other than their own. For example, a fifth-grade class from Corpus Christi Parochial School, New York, under the guidance of Sister Nina, their teacher, learned what the CBS press release called "the ritual and significance" of the Holy Eucharist.

Riddle Me This—a quiz with members of the answering panel drawn from



Dorothy Kirsten with Gordon MacRae, singing host of "The Railroad Hour"

many artistic fields. They are asked to identify excerpts from newsreels and other films dating back as far as twenty years.

On ABC-TV

Actors' Studio, produced by World Video Inc., is still one of the top-notch dramatic shows on television.

The American Minstrels of 1949 now conveys to television screens a pair of sharp-witted end men and a well-drilled minstrel chorus, all refurbished to suit the demands of the electronic age.

Critic at Large uses personalities such as Clifton Fadiman as host for the evening on a discussion program. "What's Happened to the Art of Conversation?" is a typical topic.

Kiernan's Corner is conducted by Walter Kiernan, ABC's roving reporter. He brings unusual things and places before the cameras, such beautiful and exotic treasures as a carved pearl the size of a man's thumb and a tiny watch valued at \$25,000.

What Do You Think?, popular television round-table discussion program originating in Chicago, is now on the full television ABC network.

Identify is the intriguing title of a new sports quiz telecast on ABC. The format provides for a weekly panel of three sports personalities who must identify from films, drawings, or still photographs situations which have made or promise to make sports history.

Bowling Headliners brings viewers top-flight keggers in action on the Eastern television network of ABC.

On NBC-TV

Organization of a major television network enterprise in the field of daily education for children has been announced by officials of the National Broadcasting Company. The general title of the program series is *Stop—Look—And Learn* and the range of subjects covered will include geography, history, government, science, literature, and music.

Who Said That?, the radio quiz on current quotations, which received favorable comment in these columns some months ago, is now available to viewers on the East Coast NBC television network.

NBC Television Station KNBH and the *Los Angeles Mirror* have agreed to co-operate in bringing viewers more complete news and feature coverage.

You Ought to Know That . . .

YOUR HEALTH TODAY is the title of the series now heard on NBC on Saturdays from 4:00 to 4:15 P.M., E.S.T. Presented in co-operation with the American Medical Association, the pro-

A spiritual thought for the month



Of Peace and Strength

by

WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

TO THE pagan world, the violence of the month of March demanded dedication to the god of war. The struggle to extermination between winter and spring spoke of a strength that a pagan could only identify with war.

It is easy for us, as children of our age, to see Lent through a pagan fog as a war with the world or a war within our own raging appetites. In the light of Christian life, which gives Lent its only meaning, this time is not an invitation to war but a caution against losing the peace, a program for the conservation of real strength. The Truth who came to give us truth that we might be free, free, above all, of the ravages of war, made clear that the home of peace is a man's heart. That peace, which the world can share in but cannot give, is compounded of three elements. First, there must be a treasure so great as to dwarf every other desirable thing. Then, this treasure must be of such a kind that it will not shrink with time, rust away, or disappear piece by piece as it is shared. Finally, this treasure must be securely, inviolably, serenely one's very own. Granted this, a man is at peace. Lacking this, a man is at war.

As a defense for our fumbling minds against the invasion of pagan confusion, the Church's calendar for this warlike month of March is crowded with towering champions of impregnable peace.

St. Thomas Aquinas is best described in terms of indomitable strength: strength of intellect, unalloyed strength of virtue, and a physical endurance to match the giant demands for his labors. Yet, his strength does not loom as a threat, a temptation to fight. Thomas was a peaceful man, which is to say he was a man of really terrible strength.

The same placidly terrible strength lies behind Patrick's conquest of the land that held him in slavery, a con-

quest so complete as never to have been equalled by any other invading force. After all, what can be done against an invading mountain more than making room for it and thereby making it one's own? So Patrick is Irish, and the mountain stands against the weight of the ages.

If it seems a far cry from the echoing voice of the Dumb Ox and the wildly improbable conquests of Patrick to the silence of St. Joseph, the distance is sheer illusion. Joseph was quiet, unobtrusively in the background, but in that same mountainous fashion of dependable strength. He was strong enough for Almighty God as protector of His mother. He was too strong for the kings who sought to invade his family, yet strong enough to welcome the wise men and the shepherds to that sanctuary.

It was in this month, too, that the archangel Gabriel brought his momentous message of peace to a fast despairing world. An angel of peace, strong enough to stand in the presence of God, powerful enough to strike dumb in an instant the doubting Zachary.

The moment of the Annunciation was this warlike month's greatest instant; then, God was made man, the Prince of Peace began His human life among men. These tremendous things, tremendous for men and for the world, were the echoes of Mary's "be it done unto me according to thy word."

Weak? Oh no! Rather strong enough to welcome God, to bear Him, to stand erect under His Cross, to sustain His departure to heaven, and to mother the infant Church.

Thomas, Patrick, Joseph, Gabriel, and the Mother of God possessed a treasure which dwarfed every other good—God Himself. There was no diminution of that treasure in the sharing of it. All possessed it securely, inviolable to attack. For these were strong with the only enduring strength, the strength of the peaceful.

grams employ a variety of techniques for the purpose of examining the health problems which confront the American family today.

IT'S IN THE FAMILY and **IT'S YOUR BUSINESS** are the titles of the fifteen-minute programs presented respectively by the CIO and the National Association of Manufacturers on the ABC network (Tuesdays, at 10:30 and 10:45). The first one, the CIO program, is a quiz series in which man-and-wife teams answer questions on public affairs. The other part of the half-hour is given over to the NAM for explanation through an interview of the ways in which fundamental economic principles are applied in the American free enterprise system.

GANGBUSTERS recently celebrated its thirteenth birthday on the air. Congratulatory messages were received from local law-enforcement officers all over the country.

LET'S GO TO THE MET is the title of the American Broadcasting Company's opera preview series, with Josef Stopak conducting the ABC Symphony and with Metropolitan Opera artists as soloists. (Monday, 9:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

MAYOR OF THE TOWN, with four and a half years of growing popularity tucked under his capacious belt, may now be found on the Mutual Broadcasting System's facilities on Sunday nights from 7:30 to 8:00, E.S.T. Lionel Barrymore continues to play the role of the first citizen of Springdale.

RFD AMERICA, popular farm quiz program, reviewed favorably in these columns some time ago, has returned to the NBC network on Saturdays from 1:30 to 2:00 P.M., E.S.T. The quizmaster is Ed Bottcher, who comes weekly from his Alabama farm to be the chief questioner.

STRAIGHT ARROW, western adventure program long popular on the Don Lee network on the West Coast, has become a three-times-weekly Mutual feature, coast to coast. It is now an evening show on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 8:00 to 8:30 P.M., E.S.T. The programs are designed to point up the role of the Indian in the development and safeguarding of America's pioneer West.

MAPS OF GERMANY were supplied to ten thousand listeners before the broadcast of the American Broadcasting Company's documentary, *The Berlin Story*.

Books

Edited by Damian Reid, C.P.

EXISTENCE AND THE EXISTENT

By Jacques Maritain. 149 pages.
Pantheon Books, Inc. \$3.00



J. Maritain

Tyros and pseudo-philosophers will not really read this book. Its value will not be perceived by the amateur or by the dilettante. Even mature students of Aquinas will perhaps not be quite sure that they

understand M. Maritain's insistence on "the primacy of the intuition of existential being."

This book is evidence of another of the extraordinary talents of its author, i.e.: to give hospitality in the house of Thomism to any and all efforts to know the Real in its transcendental richness. But M. Maritain's hospitality is neither undiscerning nor indiscriminating. Only those to whom he can effectively prove that Thomism is their true home remain long in his company. He has made some odd and even some dangerous acquaintances in his efforts to "compel them to come in": Heidegger, Bergson, Kierkegaard, Kafka, Chestov, Sartre, *et al.* But his friends are Aquinas and Cajetan and John of St. Thomas and contemporary Thomists of the stature of Garrigou-Lagrange.

Here is Thomistic metaphysics brilliantly crystallized against the opaque surface of atheistic existentialism. It is another and resplendent proof of the author's fidelity to the "oath" he swore many years ago: "Vae mihi si non thomistizavero."

JOHN G. MC MENAMIN, C.P.

SEEDS OF CONTEMPLATION

By Thomas Merton. 197 pages.
New Directions. \$3.00

Scarcely a half dozen years have passed since Thomas Merton became Frater Mary Louis, professed Trappist monk of Gethsemani. That alone makes it astonishing that he should attempt a book of this nature: a book that deals with higher prayer, mystical espousals, the essence of spiritual perfection; a book that demands much theological science and patient art begot of patient practice. Astonishing too is the

fact that the book, with such a pedigree of demands, may be labeled good.

Good with certain reservations. Those who have read the author's *Seven Storey Mountain* will recall that he ended that book on an argumentative note, dedicating his final thought to the proposition that the contemplative religious vocation is superior to the active, even to the mixed. The fact is, of course, that the argument is largely a matter of terminology, but it is this proposition that underlies *Seeds of Contemplation*. It is an oversimplification concerning which the author himself may not be confused, but which we fear many readers willy-nilly tied to an energetic mode of living may well find bewildering.

This tendency to oversimplification has led the author into statements that on their face value are preposterous, as "Even the saints, and sometimes the saints most of all, waste their lives in competition with one another, in which nothing is found but misery."

Add to oversimplification the poetic beauty of language that recurs in many places, and you have the recipe for misunderstanding. With these precautions well noted, the inquiring mind will gather much wisdom from these pages.

DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

THE GREATEST STORY

By Fulton Oursler. 299 pages.
Doubleday & Co. \$2.95



Fulton Oursler

Many books have been published in recent years with the purpose of stimulating interest in the reading of Sacred Scripture. Few have achieved their purpose more successfully than Fulton Oursler's, *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. Mr. Oursler writes basically from the Four Gospels, drawing at the same time on his knowledge of languages and geography. To these he adds a very graphic imagination, which he guards lest it stray too far from known facts, but which, nevertheless, clothes some of the rather brief Gospel narratives with a dress of romantic hue. However, even in the most imaginative parts, he al-

ways strives to keep the dialogue as close to the actual Gospel wording as possible. In this way there is a note of authenticity that runs through the various incidents related. His simple, lucid prose makes a fitting setting for the inspired words themselves.

This book is the basis of the radio program of the same name, and it is not difficult to understand why the program has won so many awards. The stories are written with such life and spirit that they seem to demand a recitation. Each Gospel story (there are seventy-two in all) is written as a separate piece, but each fits together with the others to form a fine mosaic of the life of Our Divine Saviour.

We like to think of a mother reading these stories to the children. The children would certainly be enthralled by their beauty. We like to think of grown-ups reading this book too, for they will be inspired to dust off their New Testament and read the life of Our Lord from the inspired Scriptures themselves.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

THE UNIVERSE AND DR. EINSTEIN

By Lincoln Barnett. 127 pages.
William Sloane Associates. \$2.50



Lincoln Barnett

Whether Mr. Barnett's excellent little book answers the layman's need for information about modern science is something I find hard to say. Although both Dr. Einstein and Mr. Barnett's publishers,

together with the editors of *Harper's Magazine*, seem to think so, there is still room for some doubt. That it would be first-rate reading for a high school student who is studying science or for a college student who, while not majoring in science, is interested in knowing something more about modern physics without the mathematics, there can be no question.

The Universe and Dr. Einstein has done as good a job as there is reason to believe can be done in reducing the abstruse and complex theories of mathematical and experimental physics to a readable level. Note the word "read-



**SO
MUCH
GOOD
NEWS!**



Sheed & Ward have five new books, no less, coming out this month, and all so different—that if nobody wants all of them, everybody will want one of them at least. Look:

THE PASSION OF THE INFANT CHRIST

by Caryl Houselander

The theme of this lovely book is the Divine Infancy as it is lived in the members of the Mystical Body: this is the age of the Redemptive Childhood, says the author, and a contemplation of Bethlehem and Nazareth the kind of spirituality we most need. The book is the March choice of the Catholic Literary Guild, Ready March 7th. **\$1.75**

FRANCE PAGAN

by Maisie Ward

We have heard a good deal lately about the new efforts to re-Christianize France, but little about how they began. Did you ever hear of the Abbe Godin, who started the whole movement? In this new book Maisie Ward gives us first his biography, then a translation of his own book, lastly an account of the latest developments of his theories. He's worth knowing, perhaps worth canonizing too. Ready March 14th. **\$3.00**

GLEE-WOOD

by Margaret Williams

A Treasury of Middle English Literature
Middle English is the sort that was spoken from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries: to understand it you need a glossary and a lot of patience. For those who just want to enjoy some of the lovely things written then without all that bother, Mother Williams has put about 500 pages of it into modern English, without losing either the spirit or the metre of the original. The pictures suit the text perfectly. Ready March 31st. Illustrated. **\$5.00**

No room for the other two books: if you would like to know what they are, send us a card and ask for our Spring Trumpet, which has news of books, authors, and all our other goings-on. It's free—just write to Dept. S.

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able" is used, rather than "understandable," because anyone who has ever attempted teaching some of the ideas Mr. Barnett's book contains realizes that understanding is a process which works very slowly.

Probably the most amazing thing about this book is the brief space in which Mr. Barnett has described the world of modern physics as scientists know it. The nonscientist reading this book should learn one fact well known by this time to all scientists: we know precious little about what is happening in the universe and we understand far less. Concerning the fundamental nature of matter and life we know virtually nothing, and at the rate we are learning it will take many centuries to learn any more.

All through his book, Mr. Barnett emphasizes the great magnitude of Dr. Einstein's contribution to modern science. It could well be that no man since Sir Isaac Newton has contributed so much. For this alone *The Universe and Dr. Einstein* is worth reading. But it can stand on its own as a neat and direct presentation of difficult but important material.

JAMES BERNARD KELLEY

HITLER AND HIS ADMIRALS

By Anthony K. Martienssen. 275 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. **\$4.00**



A. Martienssen

his chief naval aides, Admirals Raeder and Doenitz.

Although these men are described by thumbnail sketches, they are better presented through their own actions and declarations, in conference with Hitler and participating in the actual naval conflicts. Mr. Martienssen's unusual adeptness at intermingling description and exposition with direct quotations from the documents serves to give the account a veracity and a tingling suspense.

Hitler sounded out his admirals, accepted or rejected their advice as he saw fit, and yet kept them at bay. Raeder liked Hitler because of the Fuehrer's interest in building a strong navy. He emerges as an extremely competent naval chief, an exceptional strategist, and a sound administrator. He anticipated an Allied attack on North Africa several times, but Hitler disagreed and declined to make any preparations for such a possibility.

Doenitz' skillful handling of the Atlantic U-boat campaign helped him to grow in Hitler's favor and helped cause Raeder's fall from grace.

The author served in the Royal Navy Admiralty Reserve. As Press Officer for the British Admiralty he edited the official seven-volume work, *Fuehrer Conferences on Naval Affairs*, upon which *Hitler and His Admirals* is based. He is now assistant Foreign Editor of *The Economist*.

This is an unusual and important historical work—unusual because, contrary to ordinary historical method, it uses state documents which are only a few years old, and important because it is the first definitive study based upon the thousands of secret documents that were captured from the German Navy during the final stages of the Second World War.

RALPH LOMBARDI

THE THREE AGES OF THE INTERIOR LIFE (VOL. II)

By Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange.

668 pages. B. Herder Book Co. **\$7.50**
In this second of two volumes on the spiritual life, the very scholarly Father Garrigou-Lagrange continues his mural of the progress of a soul toward its desired goal, an intimate and habitual union with God through Divine Grace.

Adhering to the teaching of St. John of the Cross, the famed mystical doctor of the sixteenth century, the author treats comprehensively and scientifically the states or degrees of perfection traditionally known as the illuminative and unitive ways. Following St. John, the author speaks of the illuminative way principally as "the night of the senses," a period during which a soul turns from the things of the senses and strives more ardently for a more perfect imitation of Christ. It is a time during which the soul is passively purified by God of all worldly desires; but it is also a time of great temptations and almost overwhelming trials brought about by this loss of sensible consolations. The entrance into the unitive way is referred to by St. John as "the night of the spirit" and is the logical consequence of the preceding period. Here the soul apparently loses the beauties of the Mysteries of Faith only to find them in a more absorbing manner in the Love of God.

There are several excellent chapters at the end of the book on extraordinary graces. The exposition of the gifts of healing and miracles, prophecy or private revelation, the stigmatization or impression of Christ's wounds on chosen ones, the difference between a true mystic and a psychoneurotic is of interest.

But as Father Garrigou-Lagrange himself says, "No one can know the true meaning of the language of spiritual

writers if he is unable to explain it theologically . . ." So no one can fully appreciate this work without first being initiated into the study of theology. This is a book meant for theologians and particularly those whose obligation, and I might add, privilege, it is to direct such wonderful and awing souls to a more intimate union with God.

FREDERIC PETTY, O.F.M. CONV.

CHINA, THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

By Gerald F. Winfield. 437 pages.
William Sloane Associates. \$5.00

China is an important key to world peace, and its welfare is essentially bound to the successful survival of our American way of life. Beginning with this thesis, the author presents a detailed, interesting, and authentic picture of China as it is today. His thirteen years of scientific work in that vast land enabled him to present an accurate appraisal of the people, their agriculture, education, health, living conditions, and language. He reveals their weaknesses and their sources of strength.

These facts are treated, not as a traveler's tale to tickle the fancy but with the purpose of suggesting a long-range program for the gigantic reconstruction job that must be done to make the nation sound.

Disagreement must be registered with some of his suggestions on population control. But he has decisively proved his thesis of China's importance in our own future. There would be less bungling and confessed confusion if our legislators and those who are forming our Far Eastern policy would read seriously even the foreword and challenging final chapter.

THEOPHANE MAGUIRE, C.P.

THE HOLY BIBLE

New Catholic Edition. 1460 pages.
Catholic Book Publishing Co.

Our English Catholic Bible has been subjected to a sporadic process of revision and emendation since the days of its translation at Rheims and Douay almost four centuries ago. This latest Catholic edition of the Holy Bible incorporates some of the best features of modern scholarship. For the first time, the recently revised Challoner-Rheims New Testament is combined with the books of the Old Testament in one volume. However, the Old Testament is the familiar Douay version, except for the Book of Psalms, which is an approved and competent translation of the new Latin Psalter lately authorized by Pope Pius XII. A specially designed

type has been used, which makes for greater clarity and more pleasing visibility of the printed page. The older and more acceptable prose-paragraphing of the Rheims-Douay Bible is reverted to throughout, thus eliminating the fragmentary verse-arrangement introduced by Challoner. A supplement is included containing a number of worthwhile items: a Historical and Chronological Index, Table of References, Bible reading program, Table of Sunday and Holyday Epistles and Gospels. Thirty full-page engravings in two colors enhance the book, together with a number of valuable, accurate maps printed in full color. For the "special" friend, priest, religious, or layman, here is the book of books which will please, enlighten, and help sanctify.

NORBERT HERMAN, C.P.

YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD

By James Keller, M.M. 387 pages.
Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.00

This is another exciting and important trail blazer designed to effect a resurgence of the actual practice of Christian ideals; it pleads for and illustrates concrete spiritual activity in today's world, stressing particularly the need and opportunity for the entrance of eager and militant Christians into the fields of education, government, trade unions, and all phases of commercial writing.

Father Keller is entirely realistic in his insistence that the challenge is immediate and personal for adult Christians to be "Christ bearers" (the meaning of the Greek word "Christophers"), for, as Cardinal Suhard has declared, "the first apostolate at the present crossroads is in the realm of thought." And the whole Christopher movement, of which this book is a kind of manual, is an acknowledgment that, in the contemporary war of ideologies, the essential weapons for followers of Christ are: a knowledge of Christian tenets; the training, ability, and determination to apply them; and the courage and articulateness to both live and express them.

The chief merit of this publication stems from its virile call to spiritual arms. May it awaken some of the professing Christians who in effect have been indifferent to the world's (including their own) increasing submission to materialistic forces. However, the book's central thesis fails to note the degree to which so-called Christians have blandly absorbed today's secularism; and hence there must be warfare conducted against much more than the modest 1 per cent of humanity stipulated in the text.



James Keller

"A book that deeply impresses the mind and the heart."

—THE COMMONWEAL

The Seven Storey Mountain

By THOMAS MERTON

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Nevertheless, the book will have served its strong purpose of suggesting how Christians can change the world if it illuminates the way for Christians to change themselves first.

ELISABETH MURPHY NYDEGGER

GOD'S UNDERGROUND

By Gretta Palmer. 296 pages. Appleton-Century-Crofts. \$3.00

In this action-packed book, with a foreword by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, the reader will find as much excitement and suspense as in any mystery-thriller he may have shuddered over. The experiences of a Yugoslavian priest (Father George) as a disguised Partisan with the Red Army in the countries of eastern Europe, as well as in Russia itself, make most fiction seem like just an afternoon at the zoo. As an organizer of underground Christian youth, a doctor with the Partisans, a priest secretly celebrating Mass in any and all places, a hunted man, a tortured prisoner of the Reds—through all this, Father George's granitic fortitude of spirit emerges as the outstanding wonder.

The author's message to the Western world is that religion has not died in Russia, and he proves it by many stories of the indestructible spirit of belief in the Russian people, a kind of "underground" traversing the entire Soviet Union. Deprived of the liberation they had hoped for from the Allies, these people still look to the West for help in overthrowing their godless state, in which even the militant atheists are disillusioned.

Although this is not the first story of a disguised priest in Europe, Father George and Miss Palmer have given us a book with a great lesson. It is too bad that the practice of the Faith often has to be lost to be fully appreciated. But it is reassuring to remember that a stronger faith has always emerged from the blood of the martyrs.

GLORIA TANASSO

SOCIALIST BRITAIN

By Francis Williams. 278 pages. Viking Press. \$3.00

This is a "think piece book." But it should be read, or at least its accounting for the British postwar swing to socialism should become widely known in our land, so lately and so timidly returned from a swing to the Right to a brand of home-growing "socialism."

For here is an authentic presentation of socialization in the world's oldest and most closely industrialized society; and where should the meaning of that socialization have more impact than in this sister empire which took chapter and verse from Britain's capitalism to erect an even more gigantic structure?

Mr. Williams, the author, who was Prime Minister Attlee's public relations counsel, tells us that this massive British experiment is a middle way between Russia's rigid security at the sacrifice of individual freedom and America's yet almost complete sacrifice of security for economic liberty. And, he says too, that the masses themselves have insisted on an attempt to control an economy that left them often in the grip of cyclical depressions.

The author, of course, writes from a partisan position and is probably the best-equipped man in Britain for the job of telling this story of British socialization.

The book was received in Britain with broad enthusiasm, mostly as a trenchant, analytic statement of what's going on there in government and industry. Perhaps it will be much more important in the United States than all the woeful shower of horror stories told about postwar British economics in our slick magazines. And so it is a thoroughly commendable book on that ground alone.

CHARLES E. DAWSON

THE MEXICO WE FOUND

By Fanchon Royer. 210 pages. Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.50



F. Royer

The Mexico We Found is novel among books about Mexico only because it promotes no propaganda. It is a series of reminiscences, written by a woman who loves Mexico and its people with a deep, sympathetic affection. Mrs. Royer lived in Mexico for some years. Her youngest daughter was born there; all three of her girls received most of their early training in this adopted land.

The delightful, easy-going temperament of the Mexican people is portrayed here for exactly what it is; it is not held up for consideration against alien, foreign standards. Mexico lives by its own pattern; that pattern is lovely in its own right, and Mrs. Royer has captured the pageantry of color, the profound patience, and the deep, holy faith of the Mexican people.

It is not at all a profound book. It is well that the author has set no purpose to be achieved, for she seems to wander aimlessly through pages, telling whatever she remembers however she happens to remember it, leaving the reader with only a vague impression of a delightful, colorful, childlike people. It is a pleasant book, but it will add nothing significant to the reader's knowledge of Mexican history or philosophy.

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W. L. White

Here is a human-interest report of life in Soviet Russia which carries more conviction than a score of pretentious factual studies. It is the true story of a former Russian Air Force officer, "a child of the Revolution," his gradual disillusionment, and eventual chance escape.

W. L. White is well known as a superb interpretive reporter, as readers of his *They Were Expendable* and other books have learned. In this book Mr. White reveals an uncanny skill in telling the story of another person by artfully adapting his style to the subject. The result is a simple, unadorned tale with the emotional impact of an absorbing novel. Reading this book, Americans will realize what life is like without our commonly accepted freedoms. They will also obtain a compassionate understanding of the Russian people's plight.

The Hungarians told a grim joke about Stalin's two greatest mistakes. He had allowed his army to see Europe and allowed Europe to see his army. The implications of that saying as revealed in this book are incalculable. They reveal tensions in the Soviet system that show why the Iron Curtain is a tragic necessity for the existence of the Kremlin masters.

The former Russian bomber pilot understands many things now about us which at first puzzled him. One thing that still bewilders him is the attitude of American Red sympathizers who scornfully dismiss his evidence as "reactionary."

This may well be the most effective and popular book on Communism that Americans will read.

DOYLE HENNESSY

THE ROAD TO REASON

By Pierre Lecomte du Noüy.

Longmans, Green & Co. 254 pages.
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From the desk of the distinguished author of *Human Destiny* comes posthumously this more detailed record of the interplay between Dr. du Noüy's work as technical expert and his pondering as a deeply religious person. (Our defense of the author's attested sincerity as a Catholic is not intended to condone his occasional deviation from theological accu-



Pierre du Noüy

acy when philosophizing beyond his own proper sphere).

Comprising ruminations during the seven years prior to his 1947 best-seller, the present volume offers—in technical mode—fuller comprehension of the renowned Frenchman's views on the impact of modern science upon the future course of humanity.

They alone who have the stamina to scale the heights of thought (Relativity, Continuity, Calculus of Probabilities, Irreversibility, the Second Principle of Thermodynamics) will survive the ascent of the first 195 pages; but the view from the summit is imposing.

Yet, rather than upon the high ground of Dr. du Noüy's technical acumen, it is down in the verdant valley of his profound humility that most readers will experience their greatest delight. He is impatient with those who fancy that physical science alone can solve the riddle of the universe. "The problems solved by science have led to others even more complicated."

Regretting that the sound observations of science are sometimes subjected to misinterpretation and warning laymen that scientific mysticism can be forged as a weapon against spiritual mysticism (p. 224), the author urges educators to consider man, in his complexity, as a single problem, and "to cease separating instruction from moral education."

FREDERICK J. FRAZER

THE DUKAYS

By Lajos Zilahy.

795 pages.

Prentice-Hall.

\$3.50

The calamitous turn that the history of Hungary has taken makes the publication of a novel translated from the Hungarian an interesting literary event, especially when the author, Lajos Zilahy, not only enjoys a considerable European reputation, but also has spent the greater part of his life so far in the service of his beloved country.

This novel deals with the fortunes of a noble Magyar family, the Dukays. As a background to the story of the lives of two of the Dukay girls, Kristina and Zia, the author has successfully revealed the magnificent, corrupt, and final stage of a European aristocratic order. The book is valuable as a social history of a period that finished so recently, with the advent of war in 1939, and yet is as remote from the present European system as is the Hapsburg period, or the Bourbon, or the Napoleonic.

It is when the author concerns himself with the particular rather than with the general that the book begins to lose its appeal. The episodes between Kristina and Charles, the last of the Hapsburg emperors, are reminiscent of the Lanny Budd escapades, made famous by Upton Sinclair. There is

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throughout the book too great a pre-occupation with various manifestations of sexuality, and occasionally the writer or his translator permits himself a grossness in a description that is not only unnecessary but detracts from the level of the rest of the writing.

The book is beautifully presented by the publishers, and it is a pity that this interesting story of an aristocratic society in the days before its own particular deluge should be marred by so many distasteful irrelevancies.

W. B. READY

INSIGHT AND OUTLOOK

By Arthur Koestler. 422 pages.
The Macmillan Co. \$3.00



Arthur Koestler

A smart housewife can make a crany quilt out of a heap of rags. The author of this book is even smarter. He has fashioned a "blanket" from a pile of ca-off "scientific" theories, sacrilegious wisecracks, and smutty stories. He has imposed a pattern on his scavenger findings of twenty-five years searching. He assures philosophers and scientists and mystics and Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public that there is plenty of room for all of them under his marvelous "blanket," which reaches from the comic to the cosmic without strain or stretching.

Here are a few samples of the "rags" which he strings together. Ontogeny repeats phylogeny (p. 272). Behavior "is the product of a nervous process from the spinal cord to the pallial cortex. Thinking takes place in the newest part of the brain; pleasure and pain in the older interbrain" (p. 61). The Resurrection of Jesus Christ is a "myth" (p. 146). But it is not "natural" for men to die because protozoa are immortal (p. 151). Holy Communion is only a vigorous survival of cannibalism (p. 75 and 198). The Holy Saturday Liturgy is an opportunity for the "childish" faithful to regress to the security of intra-uterine existence (p. 377). Etc., etc., etc. usque ad nauseam.

Dr. Koestler decorates his "blanket" with high-hat words: scatological, symbiosis, heuristic, empathy, ambiance, ciliary, eidetic, ecological, etc. Honest readers, though, will not be deceived. They will recognize his "synthesis" as a phony philosophy which cannot serve even as an ersatz for the seamless robe of truth. Another instance of the fact that the modern world is not even close to producing a real philosophy.

JOSEPH LINDEN

THE SIGN

SHORT NOTICES

YOUR CREATIVE POWER. By Alex Osborn. 375 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00. Your Creative Power is one of those you-can-do-it-if-you-try books written by one who has tried and succeeded. For the author, Alex Osborn, is one of the partners of the advertising firm, Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn. Its purpose is to show from the example of other men how "thinking" has paid off in rich dividends, and that the same fruit can be reaped by all who plant the same seed.

Unfortunately, because of the confusion that can result and so probably defeat the purpose of the author in some cases, "imagination" is often substituted for "thinking," as in the subtitle, "How to Use Imagination," and throughout the book.

The book is interesting, and can serve a definite purpose for those who like this kind of how-to-do-it reading.

JAMES CARDINAL MCGUIGAN. By Claude Laing Fisher. 133 pages. McClelland and Steward, Ltd. \$3.50. Since the death of Cardinal Villeneuve, James Cardinal McGuigan is making prelate in the Dominion of Canada. Here we have a skeleton sketch of the citizenship and priestly life of Cardinal McGuigan, devoted to princely eminence in the family of Christ in 1946. The elevation was a singular honor to a distinguished son and citizen of the great Dominion and a formal tribute to a scholarly and saintly life obviously equipped for leadership.

Humanly speaking, the career of this Prince of the Church is quite young. There has been speed in the recognition of his quality. At fifty-four he reigns, Prince of the Church and Archbishop of the metropolitan see of Toronto. The author highlights in this brief biography a career which eventually will receive much more extensive literary notice.

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FICTION IN FOCUS

by JOHN S. KENNEDY

19 Stories by Graham Greene

► Mr. Greene tells us that these stories have "been written at long intervals" over the last twenty years. "The short story is an exacting form for which I have never properly practised," he says. "I present these tales merely as the by-products of a novelist's career." The reader will not feel that any such apology is required. On their merits, most of these short stories are masterly achievements. They show Mr. Greene's remarkable ability to cut to the quick of a personality, a life, a situation. Whether the principal figure be a child observing, but not comprehending, the working out of an adult tragedy which will affect him as long as he lives, or an adult suddenly piercing the mists of the years and hitting on the truth about himself as he was in his youth, Mr. Greene can put himself in the character's place and explore it from within. Human nature, in any of its aspects, has no secrets from him.

Technically, these stories are superb. There are no fussy preliminaries; the attack is direct and sure. There are no waste motions, no fancy side excursions; Mr. Greene addresses himself to the heart of the matter and never veers from it. The style is taut and transparent, without ornamentation. The dialogue is pared and piercing. The nineteen stories are models of economical construction and uncommonly effective narration. As is always the case with Mr. Greene's work, they are for mature readers only.

(Viking. \$2.75)

Scott-King's Modern Europe

by Evelyn Waugh

► The new barbarism is the target of Mr. Waugh's satirical shafts in his latest work which is scarcely more than a novelette in length. The dim, middle-aged Scott-King is classical master at an English public school. He is an expert on the seventeenth-century poet, Bellorius. When, in 1946, the country of Neutralia celebrates the tercentenary of the poet's death, Scott-King is invited to participate in the observance.

That country is under a military dictatorship; it still bears the wounds of a savage civil war of recent date; it is impoverished and tightly regimented;

its ancient civilization is overlaid with the trumpery trappings of the twentieth-century police state. The Bellorius celebration is no more than an excuse to use foreign scholars and celebrities for propaganda purposes.

In detailing Scott-King's fantastic and sometimes cruelly punishing experiences, Mr. Waugh has a rich opportunity for mockingly castigating any number of errors, foibles, types, and institutions, including progressive education, social engineering, bumptious ignoramuses who pass as experts on Europe, dictators and their minions. As usual, his writing is polished and pellucid, his wit glitters and cuts, his comic invention is remarkable, and he says wise things about the follies of his contemporaries.

(Little, Brown. \$2.00)

Shepherd of the Valley

by Evelyn Voss Wise

► Here is a modest, gently told story of a lovable and heroic priest, the kind of novel one has come to expect from Mrs. Wise. It traces the career of Father Eugene, who arrived in the Rio Grande Valley in 1901 to take charge of a mission parish just this side of the Mexican border. He is magnanimous and courageous, but somewhat daunted by the situation and the prospects as first he sees them. But in short order he makes friends, begins to help Mexicans and white Americans alike, and builds up his parish.

In this he is assisted by his housekeeper, the shrewd and generous Rosa, who periodically returns to Mexico for a day or two and brings back yet another baby whose antecedents are never revealed. Of these children, Father Eugene becomes most attached to Esteban, whose story is interwoven with the priest's. Another thread running through the priest's life is that of the strange, sullen boy he saved from death during his first days in the parish. Still a third element is provided by the saintly priest who now and again comes out of Mexico to tell of the persecution being waged there against the Church.

The literary value of the book is small; the study of human nature and the priestly life which it presents is superficial; but the story is agreeable and edifying.

(Bruce. \$2.75)

Elephant and Castle

by R. C. Hutchinson

► Mr. Hutchinson has unconscionably overdressed his rather slight subject. He is telling of Armored Cepinnier, a young woman of the English middle class, who marries Gian Ardree, a rough and inarticulate product of the London slums. Armored has a number of masterful women among her forebears, and she is more monstrosously masterful than any of them. Rebounding from a love affair which she could not manage to her satisfaction, she determines to marry one she can dominate.

She blights her husband, ruins her son, and almost succeeds in a vicious scheme to break her daughter's heart. At the last she is murdered—but not by the person who, ironically, pays with his life for the crime: before dying, she and Gian have a brief chance to understand each other.

In Armored, Mr. Hutchinson has an intriguing character; in her story he has an interesting, if by no means original, theme. Both of these he handles well. But he has succumbed to the temptation to smother them in endless particulars about a small army of subordinate figures and to describe a section of London so minutely that he almost inventories the contents of the trash cans.

(Rinehart. \$3.75)

If I Were You by Julian Green

► Fabian Especel is a young Frenchman with literary ambitions. He has, in some measure, revolted against his mother's overweening authority and lives alone in lodgings. He still goes to church, but he receives the Sacraments only once a year. He is tormented by carnal desire, and again and again yields to his solicitation. He is disgusted with the pettiness of his existence and its galling limitations. What if he could exchange personality and position with another? An emissary of the devil gives him the means of doing this. He uses the power, not once but many times. He changes places with his prosperous employer, with a muscular tough, with a middle-aged hypocrite, with a handsome young man apparently happily circumstanced. With each trade of identity, he finds problems as vexing as his own.

This is a densely packed book, a psychological novel with pathological and theological overtones. Except for a lengthy section which sets the scene for Fabian's climactic transformation, it is more talky than dramatic. Mr. Green takes up and looks into a number of fascinating questions, but searches none of them to its roots.

(Harper. \$3.00)

LETTERS

[Continued from page 4]

dependent income can buy to take the place of close relations, a dog, and a television set.

(Mrs.) VERONICA IRWIN TESTA
Skokie, Ill.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

What ever prompted you to publish that hateful article "I Like Single Bliss" in the February issue? What pushed the pen which drew those illustrations and worded those captions?

Do you realize the number of broken homes, hearts, and children which will result from it? Have you ever seen the results of a broken home brought on by the dissatisfaction and humiliation of a wife and mother by the hateful criticisms of her sisters or friends who are "career girls"? Have you ever seen a husband and father shamed and embittered by the comparisons made by these "career girls" openly and brazenly before his children and wife?

How about presenting the case of the single girl who hasn't had eight proposals or even one? Don't you know that there are some and that they are real human beings and have some excellent advice to give?

(Mrs.) MARGUERITA M. HURLEY
Brookline, Mass.

Picture Story

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I especially liked "What the Germans Say" in the January issue. The layout of the article, the pictures, and the personal opinions were very good, although more space should have been provided for the opinions of the German people.

(Miss) ELEANOR METZ
Rochester, N. Y.

Appraisal

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I enjoyed the article on the Guild Nurses in Denver in the December issue, as I am a hospital nurse myself. I also like the "Sign Post." It helps me a lot to convince my non-Catholic friends, especially on divorce which, I am sorry to say, is getting on rather a high scale down here among our Irish-Argentine boys and girls.

M. KELLY
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Eleventh Hour in China

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Although I subscribe to THE SIGN through an English class, I find it very helpful in my American History and Current Problems classes. This double help is greatly appreciated.

In your January issue, I especially appreciated the articles on China and Germany. "Eleventh Hour in China" made me realize how wrong my attitude toward the subject had been. I, like many others, had thought we could not afford to give enough aid to China to help them, really. I had not fully understood why China is in the condition she is today. After read-

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LETTERS

ing your splendid article, though, I am happy to say I understand better the situation that confronts us and its only possible solution.

ANITA M. KIRBY

Rochester, N. Y.

Current Fact and Comment

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As an avid reader of your magazine, I should like to commend you on your splendid "Current Fact and Comment."

As I am a senior in high school, these editorials aid me tremendously in history class. Your editorial in the January issue, entitled "After Taft-Hartley — What Next?" was timely and gave a sincere as well as Catholic viewpoint.

RENIE HORWATH

Rochester, N. Y.

Nonpareil Novelist

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

FOR THE SIGN to have printed "Nonpareil Novelist" by Father Kennedy was an indication that the sense and sanity which permeates the rest of the magazine has been applied worthily to the field of literature.

Apropos of the current comment concerning Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter*, my reaction was one of amazement when I read that Greene was guilty of shoddy workmanship and confused ideas. Furthermore, those who condemned Greene and found his work revolting offered nothing constructive in the light of what constitutes the true Catholic novel. It is all too easy to offer destructive criticism.

Personally, I agree with Father Kennedy in his delineation of this novel and with his cultural outlook on fiction in general. Perhaps it would not be asking too much to suggest that Father Kennedy offer to his readers in THE SIGN the canons of judgment used in reviewing not only the Catholic novel but any novel.

RAYMOND F. NEARY

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Big Fisherman

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Having read *The Big Fisherman*, we were incensed at the criticism in your magazine ("Fiction in Focus," December issue). We recognized that it is not Catholic, but to condemn it as a "thoroughly bad book" and "injurious to faith" is sheer bigotry. You have favorably reviewed many books which were too sordid and sexy for our tastes.

Mr. Douglas stated that this will be his last book, because he has proven to his own satisfaction that he could write a book and have it acclaimed a best seller without any use of filth or sex. He also says that he will not sell his book to Hollywood, because there is no actor perfect enough to portray Jesus Christ. To our minds this proves the man's sincerity, nobility of character, and love of God.

MARY J. O'BRIEN

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